THE TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

T·L·S

7 MAY 1971

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T·L·S

THE TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

FRIDAY 14 MAY 1971 No. 3,611 Price 10p

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Epistula ad Pisones and the poetry of antiquity

[illegible] THE advent of the [illegible]ntic movement, Horace's [Epis]tula ad Pisones—better [known] as the *Ars Poetica*, and apart [from] Aristotle's *Poetics* the only gen[uine st]atement on poetic theory to [survive f]rom Antiquity—has been, to [put it m]ildly, under something of a [cloud. E]verything it stands for runs [counter] to the whole trend of [post-Co]leridgean aesthetics. Those [whom] the French so delightfully [call] les amateurs du délire could [hardly be ex]pected to relish Horace's [picture] of the mad poet in action—[a] dirty, anti-social, clumping [boor who] ground (physically as [well as s]ymbolically) with fine irreli[gion, ur]inating on his [father's g]rave, an actual drunk and [potential] suicide, spluttering verses, [falling] into wells, by turns pre[sented as] a bear and a leech, grab[bing those] by whom he first "reads" [them] (occidique, legendo), and [draining] of their life-blood, the [victims] of what Professor Brink [calls "im]agination uncontrolled by [reason".] But the whole idea and [appro]ach of the *Ars* was equally sus[pect.] Like the *Poetics*, it assumes the [existence] of a static, not to say hier[archic] scale of aesthetic values; it [lays do]wn rules, and believes in their [univers]al validity. Inspiration, by and [large, it t]reats as a kind of wild beast; [controllable o]nly when safely hedged [about by] Greek precedent and the [unbend]ing guidelines of sovereign [reason.] [illegible] easier than to go [for it] with an axe to grind [illegible] though not quite in [illegible] perform the function of a whetstone. His much-reiterated plea for rational consistency in the arts—a place for everything and everything in its place—can all too readily, like so much else in the *Ars*, be interpreted as a mere frigid academic enshrinement of traditional cliché. He leads off with an introductory section on the visual arts in which he deplores the prospect of horses with human heads, and other such examples of artistic miscegenation: to a generation reared on Picasso this argument will have little appeal, and the beast in question cannot but seem a tosh-horse scarcely worth the galloping.

What modern readers may forget,

C. O. BRINK:
Horace on Poetry.
The *Ars Poetica*.
563pp. Cambridge University Press. £8.60.

however, is that Horace had plenty to fight against in his own day: chimaeras, centaurs and mermaids were merely the beginning of it. Artists have always felt the urge, if not to reshape creation, at any rate to go one better than the dull existing natural order, which Horace and his like were bent on defending. When we find him protesting at the idea of dolphins in woods or boars at sea, he is not merely picking up a literary figure of speech from Archilochus; what he had in mind are works such as those splendidly grotesque scenes of marine life (from a good Hellenistic tradition, be it noted) which still survive in Pompeian copies, with dolphins, octopi, and fish of every sort taking wing through the empyrean—to the scandal of that down-to-earth architect Vitruvius, among others. *Simplex dumtaxat et unum* was Horace's key motif here: variety, in the last resort, must be subsumed and mastered by unity.

The trouble with the Horatian or Aristotelian formula for aesthetics is that it makes no allowance for natural change or evolution. Here it shares the special disadvantages of ancient political theory (the *polis* cracked long before its intellectual mould did, and nothing could be more hieratic, as a social blue-print, than Plato's *Laws*). Though the notion of the Greeks, and their Roman imitators, as theorists who were virtually incapable of sustained direct observation is a mere popular fallacy—to refute it one needs do no more than leaf through the Hippocratic Corpus—it does nevertheless remain true that observation was always ruthlessly subordinated to the principle, the idea, the system: the reality (from their viewpoint) underlying the appearances. Of the Presocratics it has been well said that they never explained anything without at the same time trying to explain everything, and the habit proved remarkably long-enduring.

The most extraordinary thing about these various Greco-Roman intellectual canons (or dogmas, or shibboleths, according to one's view) is how enormous and indeed tyrannical an influence they exercised, not only over their own civilization, but for countless centuries to come. The emphasis might vary between the medieval and the post-Renaissance periods (Aristotle being large and varied enough to appeal to both); but until the very end of the eighteenth century, and in some respects for even longer, the Greco-Roman "fixities", to use Coleridge's term, still dominated European thought—hundreds of years after the rules they propounded had ceased to bear any

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truly organic relationship to current practice. As Erich Auerbach made clear in *Mimesis*, and C. O. Brink now confirms, with writers such as Dante or Chaucer the line of creative development diverges to a marked degree from the declared adherence to ancient theory which these and other writers profess.

Here, of course, we see a danger that was implicit in the whole approach *ab initio*: the obstinate determination to extrapolate timeless principles without regard for historical or evolutionary change. In one sense (as has often been pointed out) Aristotle's *Poetics* sprang obsolete from his pen, since it sought to impose dramatic norms on a genre—Attic drama—which had been coeval with, and a by-product of, Athens's fifth-century rise to Aegean supremacy, and could not hope in any actively creative sense to survive the destruction of Periclean imperialism. The sort of rules that Aristotle and Horace propound may aim at establishing a pattern *sub specie aeternitatis*; but they more often (to judge from the record) merely build an all-too-solid museum without walls, a rigidly intellectual enshrinement of the past. It is ironic that the famous tag *laudator temporis acti* should have been applied by Horace, in the *Ars*, and by no means as a compliment, to an old man nearing his dotage, when for the modern student it forms so apt a description of Horace himself.

But whether or not we personally like this attitude to life and art, we cannot afford simply to neglect it—as the Romantics rather tended to do, brushing it under the cultural carpet as an unaccountable rationalist aberration. A theory that engaged the minds and passions of innumerable intellectual giants from Plato onwards deserves more than such summary dismissal (the same could be said, in a different way, of early Christian theology). At the very least, we have to recognize that it answers a deep and archetypal need of the human psyche: that ineradicable thirst for order, rule, degree, and pattern which, at one level or another, and in every branch of human activity—from physics to politics, from history to astronomy—demands, and more often than not gets, both intellectual and emotional satisfaction. (How far the pattern is "true"—i.e. inherent in the nature of things apart from man's concept of them—will of course vary from case to individual case.)

Creative art springs from the very centre of this age-old fundamental instinct, and it would be ludicrous to regard it as in any way immune from the striving after absolute perfection, the rule of truth and knowledge. A. N. Whitehead, in a justly famous aphorism, once described all later Western philosophy as a series of extended footnotes to Plato; in so far as he had the Theory of Forms in mind, this notion could well be applied to literary theory as well. Professor Flew recently made this very clear when he wrote:

Certainly one large element in the appeal to Plato of his doctrine of Forms was their promise to provide simultaneously both stable, knowable standards of value and ideally perfect exemplars of those values.

The appeal of such a potential yardstick in the shifting and arbitrary-seeming field of creative aesthetics is obviously very great (it need not be purely philosophical, either; a great degree of F. R. Leavis's appeal as a critic can surely be ascribed to the way he stiffens his canons of literary judgment with various built-in moral-cum-sociological criteria). How far Horace succeeded in forging such an instrument with the *Ars*, or even intended to do so, is quite another matter. As Professor Brink reminds us, what we have here is "a work of the imagination that makes a poetic symbol out of a literary theory"—probably, as he suggests, working from some early Hellenistic model (though the possible influence of Lucilius should not be neglected). Like most creative writers, Horace, when he turned to theory, was largely concerned—whether consciously or not—to vindicate his own methods of composition by equating them with general laws, a tendency which at once casts some doubt on the validity of his poetic testament as a universal witness to the truth. Professor Brink realizes (being a brilliant Latinist with a very acute ear) that "the principles which he imposes suit above all Virgil's poetry and his own", but—as a lonely latter-day champion of the *Ars*—he shrinks from drawing the obvious inference.

Indeed, one of the few criticisms which can be levelled against this second volume in the series which Professor Brink calls *Horace on Poetry*—a really monumental edition of, and commentary on, the *Ars Poetica* as a whole (the first volume, subtitled "Prolegomena to the Literary Epistles", was published in 1963)—is that, like its subject, it eschews the historical approach altogether. In well over 500 pages of close-packed annotation (each man, said Wilde, kills the thing he loves, and Professor Brink at times risks burying the 476 lines of the *Ars* under an avalanche of Alexandrian exegesis) it is possible to miss points; but the present reviewer could find nothing on the much-debated identity of the Pisos—who were, after all, the poem's dedicatees—nor even on the date, surely a matter of vital importance, at which the *Ars* was composed or published. Professor Brink, like his subject, clearly prefers to deal with literary theory in a timeless void, and to forget the human progress against a background of bloody civil war which led Horace from his position as a "hog from Epicurus's herd" to that of Augustus's state-subsidized mouthpiece, turning out such things as the *Carmen Saeculare* and the great political Odes in the modest rural comfort of his Sabine farm. These things are not irrelevant to that conservative traditionalism which permeates the *Ars*, nor to the systematic denigration of Italic culture (what Professor Bianchi Bandinelli calls the "plebeian tradition") and the complementary enskyment of Hellenic models—"vos exemplaria Graeca/nocturna versate manu, versate diurna"—which so irritated writers like Juvenal or the Elder Pliny, and which, as Professor Brink rightly says, constitutes "the essence of the Horatian, Augustan creed".

This caveat once made, however, it is hard to find anything but praise for Professor Brink's scholarship, industry and judgment. One would not expect the Cambridge University Press to make rash claims incapable of substantiation, and the statement on the jacket that "this series of volumes constitutes the only really full scholarly commentary on Horace's critical writings" is no more than the sober truth. As a textual critic Professor Brink is both conservative and sceptical. He does not (unlike most of his predecessors in the field) believe that Horatian manuscripts can be classified, and offers solid arguments for such an assumption, expressed with a pungency that at times recalls an earlier Kennedy Professor, A. E. Housman. He works with a more selective *apparatus criticus* than did Vollmer or Klingner, and stands at the opposite end of the scale, editorially, from a scholar like Peerlkamp, described in 1886 by a rival French savant as "un hollandais terrible, qui corrige tout, sabre tout, bouleverse tout".

If Professor Brink has a weakness for *bouleversement*, it takes a rather special negative form. He is much addicted to that supreme gambit of textmanship: obelizing as corrupt a passage which previous editors had blithely assumed (a) that they understood, and (b) was therefore *a fortiori* textually sound. Unlike Dorothy Sayers's young don in *Gaudy Night*, who had to be carried out of the Hall screaming and kicking because he could not bring himself to say the words "I don't know", Professor Brink liberally sprinkles his text with the obelizing daggers of ignorance (line 172 is a good case in point), earning himself credit for sound judgment in the process. He even reminds us, tartly, that though we often talk about purple patches, no editor has succeeded in explaining just what Horace's *purpureus pannus* meant (and any enquirer who turns up the relevant section of Professor Brink's commentary expecting to find that *he* has solved the mystery badly mistakes the way this scholar goes about his business, which is warily, like Agag).

Such scrupulousness of judgment (partly dependent on a most sensitive ear for linguistic nuances of every sort) is, in the commentary, allied with exact and wide-ranging scholarship to produce a fundamental and indispensable edition from which all future students in the field will have to begin. Yet—as Professor Brink himself is the first to admit—there is a great deal more to the *Ars* than mere antiquarianism; it raises a number of perennial aesthetic problems that are as pressing today as they were 2,000 years ago. "I suspect", he remarks demurely, "my view of the poem depends ultimately on a value-judgment". Most readers would agree, taking it as axiomatic that Professor Brink's verdict on Horace—"He would be chary of a poetic imagination unaided by a tough intellectual fibre"—also applies to himself.

Professor Brink suggests that a reader's basic reaction to the *Ars* will be dictated by his attitude to *ingenium*—that is, creative talent or inspiration. Those who feel that this quality should be unshackled by tradition (let alone traditionalism) will condemn the *Ars*, he thinks; whereas those who "can admire originality strengthened, but also limited, by tradition"—a category in which he would clearly include himself—will (if they can understand it) tend to appreciate Horace's achievement. This may sound like a straight showdown between radicals and reactionaries on the aesthetic-principle vote; but, as this book makes clear, it is really more subtle and complex.

Indeed, to put the case in this way suggests that Professor Brink's massive reassessment and vindication of Horace as a literary theorist may be timely: more timely, perhaps, than would appear at first sight. There is still a great deal in the *Ars*, of course, calculated to arouse almost any intellectual's derision or anger: the smugly tidy cultural dogma, the Hellenophile snobbishness, and what Kipling generically labelled as the "Gods of the Copy-book Headings". At times one almost feels that the poem might be retitled *Fowler's Ancient Roman Usage*, with its all-pervasive literary nostalgia for a lost Golden Age, and all those sclerotic just-so rules for "appropriate" diction, style, genre, epithets, character-portrayal, or what-have-you (e.g. the assertion that it is better to rehash the Tale of Troy than invent something new)—although, paradoxically, Horace's obsession with traditional usage, when applied to language (always in a state of Heracleitan flux), leads him into an avant-garde position barely distinguishable from that of modern comparative lingu… he makes up for this with his … vations on drama. Stick to the … act rule, he tells us, avoid the … *ex machina*, and never use more … three actors; if he had lived … earlier age he would probably … demonstrated in protest … Aeschylus introduced the … actor, or Sophocles the third … like that legendary old lady … the coming of diesel locom… was heard to remark that she … to see folk riding on the old … trains, like the Good Lord … them to. The studied … between Greek idealism and … money-grubbing hints at the … some *odi et amo* cultural … complex which pervades so … Greco-Roman relationships … the late Republic and the … Empire. Lastly, we cannot … be uneasily aware that the … Horace propounds are closely … up with just those literary … unreality, obscurantism, cliché … dead bombast—which … Horace himself pilloried … afterwards offered critics like … sius, Juvenal, or Petronius … rather wider than a barn-door …

At the same time there is … side to the debate, and perhaps … time has come for this unfash… opposition view to get a serious … ing. Horace, of course, does … always help in his own case; … animadversions against … dirty poets with long hair and … trimmed finger-nails might have … designed for *Daily Telegraph* … and there are passages, one … which the *Ars* reads unco… ably like "Way of the World" … vamped by Malcolm Mugg… Yet it is not mere chauvinism to … the point that (in Professor B… words) "not all variety in … and poetry can be justified by a … for creative freedom".

Here we come up against a … issue of our time, one which … anything-but stuffy critical … dier Wyndham Lewis tackled … much the same standpoint, … *Demon of Progress in the Arts*. … application of reason, tradition, … craftsmanship to art, the accep… of at least some constant val… criteria, may in the last resort … a salutary counter-balance … tive freedom which (as H… ceived, with far less justific… his own day) can all too easily … in a mindless and patternless … of anarchic emotionalism. The … should not be allowed to go b… fault; and we owe Professor … a debt of gratitude for remind… that it is a perennial rather … exclusively modern phenom… that even in Augustan Rome … vative artists could still close … against what might be term… Op. Cit.

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Growth without inflation

…GH CLEGG: … to Run an Incomes Policy and … we made such a mess of the last … Heinemann. Paperback, 35p.

… Clegg, Britain's foremost … authority on industrial …ons, is nothing if not frank. … he asks, did we make such a … of the prices and incomes policy …ed by the Labour Government …964? As a supporter of the … of such a policy and as a … full-time member of the … and Incomes Board, Professor …ounts himself as part of the …

… his modesty and his com…able readiness to accept re…bility for the outcome of a … of which he was a participant, …sor Clegg should not be …d with the main burden of … The fault lay elsewhere. …sor Clegg, like many others, …ed that a prices and incomes … was to be a means of ensuring … planned economic growth was … be secured without runaway …ion and without serious social …ice between one social group … another. In the event, it turned … to be very different. It became to …garded by the Labour Govern… as a principal instrument for …ing down living standards while …ices were switched to transform … balance of payments from sub…ial deficit into substantial …plus.

…e Government had, of course, … case for their policy. But … not the case that they put to … country in the General Election …964, and still less was it the case … they secured the initial co-… of the unions for a prices … incomes policy. In those balmy … the electorate were being told …bour's springboard from which … was to leap forward into a …nological revolution, and the … were promised rising living … after the thirteen "wasted … of Tory rule.

… the Labour Government … the reins of office they found … to their own version of … that the balance of payments … much more seriously in deficit … they had imagined. They were unable to effect a remedy until devaluation more than three years later and in the meanwhile, according to the Prime Minister, they were "blown off course".

Critics in their own party put forward a different interpretation. The Labour Government squandered its chances by following much too closely in the footsteps of previous governments. The overseas military burden was not reduced significantly; indeed, it was the Labour Government that contracted heavy expenditure for American military aircraft. The outflow of capital for investment purposes continued, and the Government seemed always responsive to Treasury guidance on the need to restrain the economy.

The prices and incomes policy, as originally conceived, never really had a chance. It was used for a different purpose. The Labour Government can claim in retrospect that they achieved with distinction one of their central aims. By 1970 Britain had been restored to health in its balance of payments. The price was high. Labour lost the 1970 General Election, not least because many voters felt dissatisfied with their record on the cost of living, incomes and taxation. Mr. Heath directed his criticism against these vulnerable areas in Labour's record.

Professor Clegg tends to concentrate on the details of incomes policy rather than on the grand strategy of the economy which determined the form of the incomes policy. His criticisms are closely but clearly argued and they are always cogent. The published norm for wages and salary increases gave rise to more questions than it answered. Not until a late stage in the evolution of the policy was any determined attempt made to deal with the problem of low pay. Sometimes the policy was seen as a means of redistributing income; at other times this intention was denied. There was an infatuation with productivity bargaining which had the effect of exaggerating the benefits of this new kind of collective agreement and underestimating the problems it created. Comparability, as a factor in wage and salary determination, was regarded nearly always as inflationary when, in real life, it was often an expression of the kind of competitive market forces which help to bring about a more efficient distribution of resources. The amount of overtime worked by male manual workers remained a national scandal. Employers continued to talk of their managerial prerogatives and unions continued to pass resolutions at their conferences condemning regular overtime. Inside the factories, however, management and men all too frequently connived to maintain overtime for reasons which were not related to productive needs.

And yet, when all the criticisms have been made, is there any effective alternative to a prices and incomes policy for dealing with inflation? There possibly is, but it is one which has even more serious disadvantages. The alternative is a high level of unemployment; much higher, it must be emphasized, than some of the critics of incomes policy were at one time inclined to assume. There are many who think that this alternative policy is now being pursued.

Professor Clegg remains a convinced supporter of an incomes policy, though he thinks a prices policy is unlikely to be effective. In his book he puts forward his own ideas for the future. In the form in which he states them, they look both too sharp-edged and too blunt to have much chance of success. Certain groups may be restrained but they cannot be held back as rigidly as Professor Clegg suggests. Moreover, there is surely no chance at all of trade union cooperation if there is to be no policy on prices. In large sectors of British industry and commerce there is oligopoly rather than competition. A measure of public accountability for important price trends must form part of an acceptable incomes policy.

The problem of combining full employment, price stability, and free collective bargaining when increases in income can often be passed on as price increases because of market domination by very large firms remains unresolved. This is not a reason for doing nothing. Even though perfection is unattainable, improvement is still possible. It is to the credit of Professor Clegg that he has carried the argument one stage forward.

…ell worth writing down

…BROWNLIE (Editor): … Documents on Human Rights … Clarendon Press: Oxford …sity Press. £3.50 (paperback, …)

…olds that Britons never, never, … shall be slaves; and equally … of having no written constitu…, we have traditionally regarded … embodiment of civil rights in … documents as an unnecessary … even useless practice. If society …posed to respect such rights it …ssary to write them down; … or if a tyrannical government … to power, then it will be … to have them written down. … has been some shift away … the traditional view in recent … There has been, for example, … talk of a new Bill of Rights; … a governmental committee … on the question of personal …y; there was a brief outburst …dignation at the extent of … inquisitiveness revealed in … recent Census. But, on the whole, … opinion in this country does … take these matters very ser…. Many people would even be …ised to learn, as they can from … Brownlie's valuable collection of …ments, that the Bill of Rights of … is still a part of the law of … land and may be applied by the …

… Bill of Rights is the first and … document in the book, … Carta being no more than … It repays fresh study, … the light of subsequent … in France and the … (for example) and of more recent pressures for a revision of its principles. It was, as Dr. Brownlie says, "part of the major settlement between the Crown and Parliament consequent on the struggles of the Stuart period." As such it inevitably appears to some extent out of date. The general principles are admirable though it is of little more than historical interest that they once needed to be asserted and ratified in writing. But if there were ever to be a formal revision, it would be difficult to leave intact (in a law applicable to Northern Ireland, at least) the assertion that "the subjects which are protestants may have arms for their defence suitable to their conditions and as allowed by law". Obsolescence is an inherent weakness of such legislation, as the French and the Americans also found. It is interesting that while the American Bill of Rights has been amended three times, the French Declaration of the Rights of Man has been twice reaffirmed without amendment, whereas our own Bill of Rights has been neither amended nor reaffirmed at any time. The difference is presumably characteristic of the British approach to the matter.

To most readers these will be the three most interesting of Dr. Brownlie's texts. The rest are rather for academic specialists. They are classified in ten sections: those which embody fundamental rights in national legal systems (Canada, the German Federal Republic, the U.S.S.R., India, China, the United Arab Republic, Nigeria, Dahomey, and Venezuela, in addition to the three mentioned above); those prescribed by the United Nations, or sponsored by that organization; those prescribed by the I.L.O. or Unesco; those particularly adopted by different regional organizations (in Europe, Latin America, Africa, and Asia respectively); and two sections comprising specialized contributions by individuals rather than states or international organizations. Under the last head, the most interesting are the dissenting judgment of the Japanese member of the International Court on South-West Africa, and the report of the Secretary-General of the U.N. Conference on Trade and Development on the changing pattern of economic relationships.

Essentially this is a handbook for students, and as such it will be valuable. Dr. Brownlie provides a succinct introduction to each text, and modestly disclaims originality. It would be unduly censorious to detect bias in such a collection, though obviously any teacher of political science is in favour of the extension rather than the contraction of civil rights. No doubt that is the reason why, in the case of South-West Africa, Dr. Brownlie cites only a dissenting judgment rather than that of the President of the Court which dismissed the case as outside its competence. He is also too charitable to emphasize the fact that far fewer states are willing to denounce slavery than to demand an end to colonial dependence. There are indeed still two international standards for civil rights.

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Cubism true, cubisms not so true

DOUGLAS COOPER:
The Cubist Epoch
320pp. Phaidon with the Los Angeles County Museum of Art and the Metropolitan Museum of Art. £3.50.

"It is now possible", says the blurb of *The Cubist Epoch*, "to look upon Cubism with the historical perspective of a half-century." The publishers then comment on our luck in still having available "many of the artists, dealers, writers and collectors who created and furthered its development". One such walking archive is Douglas Cooper, who is in himself an instance of a paradox that becomes more and more common: the writer who is at once a performer and a commentator on the performance. It is true that across a distance of fifty years Cubism can be viewed with a new detachment, but curious that Mr. Cooper should be considered capable of such a view; for his view of Cubism was formed within the still very active remains of the Cubist eruption. He has been a great critic and evangelist of Cubism and has with exemplary care gathered together much of the factual material on which we shall continue to build our ideas of the movement; but he has lived as a privileged guest inside its circle, and to suggest now that he possesses the advantages of an outsider is to test credulity beyond reason. *The Cubist Epoch* is thus the personal view of a highly intelligent friend and champion of the Cubists presented as detached historical comment. Its faults proceed inevitably from the mistaken identity of its author.

The book originated as the catalogue accompaniment to the enormous exhibition which Mr. Cooper organized for the Los Angeles County Museum and for the Metropolitan Museum in New York. It has therefore a popularist purpose for which Mr. Cooper's writing is perfectly judged. He has a gift for putting his acute understanding of the means and meaning of the work of Picasso, Braque and Gris especially into clear, unpretentious prose. There is much to be said for his book as a simple, in places brilliantly written, introduction to Cubism; and the fact that it ranges outside Paris across the other European movements indebted to the new approach gives it a far wider scope than any comparable predecessor. What invites argument is Mr. Cooper's attempt, in his role as "detached historian", to remodel the entire way in which we think about Cubism historically. For all its popularist purpose, the book is a frontal assault on the way commentators have structured the development of Cubism since Kahnweiler's *Der Weg zum Kubismus*.

The key to Mr. Cooper's new historical interpretation lies in the categories that he defines as the basis of all discussion on the subject. In his introduction he dismisses the long accepted terms "analytic", "hermetic", "synthetic" and "rococo", and prefers to consider the history of Cubism not according to "stylistic methods" but according to the existence of different categories of Cubist, and different periods of growth within the movement. The periods that he defines are valid and useful. They are: Early Cubism, the period of experimentation by Picasso and Braque—1906-summer 1910; High Cubism, the period of active expansion—summer 1910-winter 1912; and Late Cubism—summer 1912-summer 1921. The categories which he designs for the different kinds of Cubist are much more open to argument and, in direct proportion to this, much more revealing of Mr. Cooper's deep personal involvement.

His central category is "true" Cubism, which brings together Picasso, Braque, Gris and (though not at all times) Léger. He sees the history of High and Late Cubism as the speedy outward expansion of ideas and methods from this inner circle. The Cubists who were not "true" are classified in the section entitled "Types of Cubism". They are the "Systematic Cubists", that is, those "who flirted with Cubism, or made it a system, either by applying cubification as a stylistic formula or on the basis of mathematical calculation"—they include Le Fauconnier, Gleizes, Metzinger, de La Fresnaye and Picabia; the "Orphists", that is, those who followed Delaunay; and the "Kinetic Cubists", that is, those who "took over from true Cubism a certain formal vocabulary which they tried to apply in their paintings to represent actual movement", Duchamp, Villon, the Futurists and Joseph Stella.

It is the all-pervasive importance Mr. Cooper gives to "true" Cubism that deflects him from a comprehensively objective historical treatment. The aims and innovations of the Kinetic, the Orphic and the Systematic Cubists are all measured against the standards set by "true" Cubism, in which Mr. Cooper finds two essential principles; these are: the need to express "the solid reality of things without having recourse to eye-fooling devices", and the principle of spontaneity. These principles do not guide his analysis of Cubism in Germany, Russia and Italy, for he is quick to point out that here aesthetic drives operated which were alien to the "true" nature of Cubism and which were independently valid; but, especially when dealing with the Systematic Cubists resident in Paris, he is not always so generous.

They are approached not on the terms of their own intentions, but on the terms of "true" Cubism. Thus, Gleizes's "Woman in a Kitchen" (1911), for instance, is treated in an almost exclusively negative way: it does not, Mr. Cooper tells us, use "facetting and an element of Cubism to recreate reality more completely", it does not renounce "traditional perspective", and it has a conventional genre subject. It "therefore makes no contribution to the development of Cubism in any of those essential aspects which preoccupied Braque and Picasso". Mr. Cooper's conclusion is sound, but severely restricts our view, for he does not ask what other aims and principles can have directed Gleizes's painting, nor does he ask this question in a telling way when he deals with Le Fauconnier, Metzinger, de La Fresnaye and Picabia. Even the Orphists and the Villon brothers, to whom Mr. Cooper does allow independent concerns, are given only the briefest freedom from judgment according to the principles of "true" Cubism. Yet, not only Delaunay, the Villon brothers and the *Futurists*, but also Gleizes and at least the Systematic Cubists mentioned here (except perhaps Metzinger) had their own special reasons for turning to the devices invented by Picasso and Braque. Gleizes, for example, found the all-over surface rhythm and the solidified space of the work he saw at Kahnweiler's gallery perfectly tuned to ideas developed among the lyric poets of the Abbaye de Créteil, above all to the idea of an interpenetrating unity of rhythm crossing the boundaries between figures, objects and surroundings.

Each part of the Cubist movement thus needs to be studied on its own terms before we can build the relatively objective picture of "the Cubist epoch" put within our reach by the passage of time: to impose a standard as restrictively pure as "true" Cubism is to make this impossible, and Mr. Cooper's failure in this respect ensures the inadequacy of his subsidiary categories. It is, for instance, difficult to understand how Picabia can be thought of as a Systematic Cubist, so obsessively spontaneous was he, or why he is not an Orphist. Again, it is difficult to accept Kinetic Cubism as a viable category, for its practitioners were involved in much more than the problem of representing physical movement. A convincing classification of the less than "true" Cubists requires far more discrimination.

Even the idea of "true" Cubism invites argument, at least over the inclusion of Gris and Léger. Mr. Cooper tells us in his often brilliant analysis of Léger's achievement that he was deeply concerned with the themes that dominated the Puteaux group and the Futurists: dynamism and modern life. Would it not, therefore, be more valuable to approach Léger's work within its historical context, on the terms of aims and beliefs developed outside the immediate vicinity of Picasso and Braque? Again, is it valid and consistent to place Gris in a category one of whose essential features is spontaneity? For Gris was sorely tempted, especially in 1912, by the precision of system [illegible] Cooper justifies this inclu[illegible] commenting that "Gris always tem[illegible]pered his science with the [illegible] of his personal sensibility". [illegible] this is enough to save Gris [illegible] slur of Systematic Cubism, it [illegible] enough to save Gleizes, whose [illegible] during 1913 and 1914 also [illegible] many *pentimenti* and "fre[illegible] vented passages". One is left [illegible] the strong suspicion that both [illegible] and Léger are allowed [illegible] "true" inner circle because of [illegible] Cooper's belief in the sheer [illegible] and conviction of their work [illegible] present reviewer echoes his [illegible] but surely a personal feeling of [illegible] kind cannot arbitrate in the [illegible] of an objective historical image.

By concentrating on the validity [illegible] Mr. Cooper's view of Cubism [illegible] whole, the positive features of [illegible] *Cubist Epoch* have largely [illegible] ignored: the importance of [illegible] questions raised demanded [illegible] treatment. Yet, if we do not [illegible] Mr. Cooper's identity, his [illegible] emerges as a passionate statement [illegible] faith in the importance of Cubism and its leading inventors: some[illegible] very positive. The dry, matter[illegible] fact tone of the writing cannot [illegible] ceal the profound personal com[illegible] ment of the author, that kind [illegible] commitment which promotes [illegible] beyond the reach of the [illegible] detached. It is this which gives [illegible] book its value.

Universal monument

RITCHIE CALDER:
Leonardo and the Age of the Eye
288pp. Heinemann. £4.20.

Leonardo da Vinci, "the universal genius", "the most relentlessly curious man in history", was a figure of such brilliant achievement in so many fields that he presents a formidable task to any biographer. And this latest account of his life-work, fortified by the recently discovered notebooks in Madrid, is a fitting monument.

Leonardo was the embodiment of "The Age of the Eye", when men started to observe the world around them and discovered that all Truth and Beauty lay exposed in Nature for anyone who cared to look: and, using his "common sense" (as Leonardo called his brain), he set about illustrating all in "Nature" that came his way, in order to deduce the "natural laws" that governed it, and which had been so curiously overlooked in earlier centuries. It was in the field of human anatomy that his interest and researches were understandably the most compelling, for herein lay the explanation of Nature's most egregious product. Leonardo probably started with the horse (while working on the equestrian Sforza monument), extrapolated his findings to the cow, acquired a decapitated human head, and finally had access to the whole human frame in the Hospital of S. Maria Nuova, notably the body of a centenarian who died peacefully while conversing with Leonardo, and whose tissues provided the first analysis of the age-changes in the human cardiovascular system.

It was Leonardo who established anatomy as a science rather than a dogma, attacking the system that Galen had fossilized for 1300 years. He refuted the theory of Euclid and Ptolemy that light rays emanated from the eye, and re-established the old Epicurean "intromission" theory (accepting the emanation theory only "when considering the beguiling power of a maiden's eye"!). Leonardo's anatomical drawings were expressly designed to lead to physiological conclusions. Having described in detail the valves of the heart, he recorded its movements by driving thin spikes through the chest wall (of a pig) which then served as a fulcrum. He analysed the action of the bones as levers (he never seems to have possessed an intact skeleton), and by the ingenious use of wax-injection to determine the shape of a body cavity, he obtained casts of the cerebral ventricles. And his are the first known examples of serial cross-sections in the study of anatomical relationships (including his illustration of a man and woman in the act of coitus, with the provocative leg postures, which led Freud to speculate rashly about Leonardo's lack of certainty concerning his sexual identity).

And so throughout the range of natural law, he observed, depicted, explained, and then invented new devices on the basis of his explanations. Above all he speculated. He questioned the Creation and disputed the Deluge, declared that "the sun does not move", and derided the existence of the whole spirit world.

Leonardo's inventions ranged from the lift-up lavatory-seat to the aeroplane and submarine, yet he would not divulge the details of the latter because of the damage it might do to humanity (for the same high motives that provoked the British and French admirals to decline Fulton's design for a submarine in the Napoleonic wars). And he not only concealed his writings within his own ambidextrous code, but added contrary instructions in the de[illegible] of his machines, so that they [illegible] not be misused by others.

For behind this craftsman [illegible] designer was the visionary, [illegible] stantly aware of the implications [illegible] his discoveries on the future [illegible] mankind, the persecuted homosex[illegible] battling with a ruthless orthodox[illegible] and the tireless worker whose talents were usually unrewarded and un[illegible] preciated by his corrupt and nepo[illegible] tic world.

Lord Ritchie-Calder's brilliant [illegible] scientific knowledge can at least [illegible] justice to Leonardo's dispa[illegible] talent, and provide us with a [illegible] engaging, balanced and comprehen[illegible] sive account. As a pioneer of sci[illegible] tific journalism, and a past master in popularizing science, he may [illegible] excused for the rather copious par[illegible] lels he draws between the fifteenth and twentieth-century poli[illegible] scenes; thus the Sforza statue w[illegible] "prestige project like the C[illegible] corde". Leonardo was "called [illegible] a business-efficiency expert", [illegible] finished his life as "the Dior of [illegible] sixteenth century"; and we [illegible] quently hark forward to bu[illegible] drains, American racial trou[illegible] Nato, Marxism and so on.

With chalk and pencil

MALCOLM CORMACK:
The Drawings of Watteau
44pp. plus 132 plates. Hamlyn. £2.50.

From the beginning Watteau has been recognized as a wonderful draughtsman. "He will always be considered as one of the greatest and best draughtsmen that France has ever produced", his friend Gersaint wrote not long after his death, adding that the artist himself preferred his own drawings to his paintings, "for he was often out of temper with himself because he was unable to convey in painting the truth and brilliance that he could express with his pencil".

In 1957 Parker and Mathey published *Antoine Watteau, catalogue complet de son oeuvre dessiné* in two volumes, reproducing nearly a thousand of the artist's drawings. But it was always a very costly book and is now out of print. The present volume includes 112 reproductions of drawings by Watteau as well as twenty plates of his paintings, engravings after his own works, [illegible] ings by close contemporaries [illegible] other relevant material. It there[illegible] fills a real gap, for there is no [illegible] book in print in which [illegible] many of these exquisite d[illegible] are illustrated. Of course one [illegible] the three-coloured chalks in [illegible] so many of Watteau's finest [illegible] ings are executed, for the [illegible] tions are all in black-and-white; [illegible] the volume is an inexpensive [illegible] and very good value.

Malcolm Cormack provides [illegible] excellent short introduction [illegible] notes on each of the plates in w[illegible] he discusses lucidly the problems [illegible] the chronology of the drawings [illegible] their relationship to Watteau's p[illegible] ings, both surviving and vani[illegible] Not the least useful feature of [illegible] work is an illustration of the [illegible] cently discovered and still unlo[illegible] iar "Zephyrus and Flora" [illegible] Crozat's dining-room, which [illegible] more recently destroyed by fire [illegible] an English house. It appears in [illegible] other book on Watteau.

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METHUEN

Getting into cold water

HERBERT FEIS:
From Trust to Terror
The Onset of the Cold War, 1945-1950.
428pp. Anthony Blond. £3.50

Reassessment of the Cold War is a much more painful process for Western historians than for their Soviet counterparts. Twenty years ago the conventional assessment on both sides held that the other side was wholly to blame. Today it is necessary for those on the Western side to admit that there were serious errors of judgment by their own political leaders. But the admission meets with little response from the other side. On the contrary, Soviet and communist historians are now in a position not only to claim that they were right all along, but also to point to the Western reassessment as proof of it. With a number of British and American historians now meeting them well over half-way it is easier than ever for them to insist that the Cold War was exclusively the creation of aggressive imperialists—like Truman and Acheson, Churchill and Bevin. Some degree of reaction from the revisionist theme was therefore probably inevitable in the West: and Herbert Feis's new book is a firm but sober example of it.

For the most part it traverses familiar ground in a tone and manner that would have been even more familiar ten years ago. The problem of Germany is the constantly recurring knot at the centre of the tangle. The subsidiary crises—Eastern and South-Eastern Europe, Turkey, Iran, the Truman Doctrine, the Marshall Plan, the formation of Nato, the atomic bomb—all revolve round that central problem. As Walter Lippmann wrote nearly a quarter of a century ago, the objective of policy to bring the Cold War to an end must be to secure the withdrawal of the Eastern and Western forces from Central Europe. Once that was achieved, all other problems *would fall with it. These arguments* were advanced before the Korean War and the conquest of China by the communists. Mr. Feis writes, of course, with the judgment of hindsight, though his account ends in 1950 before the struggle had spread effectively to Asia; but his conclusions do not essentially differ from Mr. Lippmann's. What he can say more confidently, however, is that the struggle over Germany was unavoidable, if only because, unlike Mr. Lippmann in 1947, he knows that it was not avoided.

In explaining why the Cold War was inevitable, Mr. Feis reverts to much of the conventional wisdom of twenty years ago. He buttresses it with new evidence, including copious anecdotes from the recollections of the major American and British participants. His bibliography consists very largely of such autobiographical works which he treats with scholarly scepticism. But although he often concludes (particularly in the case of President Truman) that their memory was at fault, he makes little allowance for the fact that they were themselves the creators and practitioners of the conventional wisdom. Hence his vocabulary is full of the phrases current about Soviet policy-makers during the period 1945-50: their lies, their subterfuges, their craftiness, their policy of transgressions and threats. His criticism of Western policy is that *it was naive and trusting when it should have been suspicious and firm.* The initiative throughout, he implies, lay with the Soviet Government, and was culpably abused. He dismisses as worthless—which it is—the extreme view of left-wing revisionists that all virtue and good faith lay on the Soviet side, all wickedness and deceit on the Western. But he fails to make allowance for the impact of natural human imperfections, which was probably about equal on both sides.

This is the more regrettable because Mr. Feis begins by enunciating principles which are clearly of general application:

> The situations of which we shall tell were shaped, or misshaped, by the impact of many countries upon each other. The individuals cast by chance or destiny in roles of decision makers were constrained by circumstances, internal and external, and their responses were affected by impressions of the acts and intentions of others. Each in his own way, within the bounds of power and responsibility bestowed on him, went through the ordeal of decision.

He then goes on to consider the characters and weaknesses of successive American Presidents in facing the ordeal, culminating with President Truman. He makes clear the consequences of inexperience and ineptitude, of impetuosity and sheer accident, of the chaotic legacy of Roosevelt's death, of the pressures of contradictory advice from hawks and doves, of errors of judgment like the termination of Lease-Lend and the appointment of Baruch to conduct negotiations on the atomic bomb, and of the hopeless inadequacy of the State Department to fulfil its role. Mr Feis shows that Truman was not *initially hostile to the Soviet Union* (though some of his subordinates were, like James Forrestal, while others thought Stalin could do no wrong, like Henry Wallace); and he gives clear evidence of the good faith with which Truman tried to continue Roosevelt's policies of conciliation. He makes it very easy to see how American policy became, by inexorable force of circumstances, more and more disillusioned as it became more experienced.

But he performs no such exercise in the case of Soviet policy. Some would say that it cannot be done, either because Stalin's motives were obviously malevolent or because they were totally inscrutable. Yet this is no longer wholly true. However enigmatic the posthumous revelations about Stalin by his former subordinates may be, there is independent corroboration from a number of sources that he was subject to the same weaknesses, errors, fears and pressures as any Western leader. The revelations of Yugoslav writers like Djilas and Dedijer, for example, leave no doubt of his acute anxiety not to offend his allies by precipitate action in Eastern Europe in 1945. They also show his extraordinary ignorance as well as his stubborn and brutal temper. The legend of his infallibility still dies hard: Western interpreters of the Cold War still half-believe that nothing happened in the communist world except by his direct will, just as Arab politicians still half-believe that nothing happens in the Middle East except by the will of the British Government. Even Mr. Feis cannot quite accept that Molotov may have been telling the simple truth when he pleaded that he had difficulties with the Polish communists. Yet the difficulties of the Western governments with their own brand of Poles should make that plea convincing enough; and it has been made even more plausible by all the subsequent history of Eastern Europe.

It must at least be conceded to the revisionists that Stalin was perfectly consistent in his dealings with many countries—Poland, Greece, Japan, Italy, Iran—in the early years after the war. Mr. Feis fairly presents the evidence for that view, though he is still reluctant to draw the conclusion. His reluctance is probably due to the preponderant emphasis which he rightly places on Germany, where Stalin's duplicity is more indisputable. Given the sufferings of the Soviet Union at the hands of the Germans, Stalin's German policy may be attributed to strong emotions which the Americans in particular did not share. But it must also be partly attributed to misund ing. Mr. Feis is rightly about the ineptitude of the ments made by the Western ments for the occupation of many. They assumed that their own nor the Russian would remain there very tainly not indefinitely, just had no intention of remaining definitely in Italy. It was pe Italy that the Western powe dentally began the Cold War off-hand treatment of the mission there, which became dent for the Russians' tre Western representatives countries as they were overru Red Army.

Even more decisive a facto misunderstanding was distru that extent there is a questi implication in Mr. Feis's title there ever a period of tru which the transition to terror course? It is difficult to identi a single moment when trus existed; and the blame can definitively laid on either side than the other. The origin Cold War in fact go back long 1945. In a sense Mr. Feis rec this in his opening sentence: History, in his dark and blood must have chuckled when li to the avowals of the Allies end of the war against the that henceforth they would friends!" He goes on to argu such a blessed continuation, ev living happily ever after, would been contrary to all precedent is clearly true. But by starting the Yalta Conference and Tru accession to the presidency, h nies History the chance to that chuckle.

War into politics, politics into war

MICHAEL ELLIOTT-BATEMAN (Editor):
The Fourth Dimension of Warfare
Volume I: *Intelligence, Subversion, Resistance.*
181pp. Manchester University Press. £1.80.

This volume collects a course of public lectures given at the University of Manchester in 1967, which were designed, according to M. R. D. Foot's introduction, "to draw fresh attention to forms of warfare . . . in which the main campaigns of the next century may well be fought". The contention is that elements of warfare generally shrouded in secrecy—intelligence, subversion, resistance—form a new dimension of war, a Fourth Arm; and the symposium aims to deal with war "moving into the arena of politics, where fourth-dimensional qualities of a cultural, social and economic nature weigh more heavily in the scales of victory than material military quantities". A second volume is planned to show the reverse of the coin: politics moving into the arena of violence. The contributors include assorted practitioners of Special Operations in the Second World War; a Middle East historian, a former Naval Intelligence officer—all relatively advanced in years—and a younger man with recent experience of People's War in the Far East.

The trouble is that what they have to say, despite its interest, accords at scarcely any point with the book's thesis. The convenor has arranged an academic Procrustean bed over which a poker-work text reads: "subversion is the most likely form of future warfare", but he has been unable to stretch the limbs of his victims to fit it. The reason is that he has adopted that all-too-common imprecision of terminology which lumps all secret activities together under the all-embracing cloak and dagger—an imprecision distressing to find in an academic treatise. That all forms of clandestine work have certain principles in common does not make them susceptible to classification together. This is amply illustrated by Donald McLachlan's talks on Intelligence, which summarize admirably its function, take pains to destroy the popular James Bond overtones, and show up the fatuity of its choice as one of the headings of this volume's sub-title. Intelligence in the true sense, as he rightly says, is incompatible with violent or subversive activity; and of course is vital to any form of military operation, not just this "new" fourth dimension.

Professor Foot underlines the antiquity rather than the novelty of special operations and unconventional warfare, and shows that this alleged fourth dimension has always been present: he simply wishes staff colleges would pay more attention to it. Neither he nor General Gubbins, the former commander of S.O.E., offer any real evidence that "this is the way that future wars may have to be fought", and both are merely arguing, sensibly enough, that the concept of irregular and subversive warfare should not be excluded from our thinking. Henri Raymond, alias César, sometime S.O.E. resistance agent in France, describes the operative's life in an occupied territory; but his fascinating talk bears little relevance to the thesis. Professor Brandon's account, based on new research and material, of the Jewish Zealot movement against Roman rule A.D. 6-73 describes the first example known to history of a resistance move inspired by an ideology and guerrilla tactics—relevant, as says, to current events in Israel to the situation in Vietnam hardly an argument for the of this "dimension" in warfare.

Michael Elliott-Bateman's talks on the nature and form People's War analyse Mao's ad tion of Sun-Tzu's *Art of War* utilization of the principles of (normal) and *ch'i* (extraordina indirect) forces, and his philo of People's War as a combinatio subversion and resistance on fronts. This is the real meat of book, and was presumably the ing-point of the idea of the sy sium.

It is all the more regrettable It appears to be incomplete, points forward at the end to detailed consideration of the battle-fronts", which will no find a place in the next volume considerable contribution study of guerrilla warfare theless fails to establish co ingly the proposition that it is form, comparable in the histo warfare with the stirrup, the bow or the tank. That represents a "watershed in evolution . . . the twilight of tional military system and the of a new one . . . different warfare operating on planes: three-dimensional tional war adapted to counter gency use and fourth-dime People's War" is arguable, and would like to see Mr. Elliott man develop this at greater If he attempts this, one he will keep a sense of propo and ask himself in parti whether experience in China Vietnam must necessarily apply where in the world. It is diffi see, for example, the deep conflict between the Soviet and China, should it ever come military contest, taking any remotely approaching that of ple's War; and, on a lower the signal failures of Che Gu Yasser Arafat and the urban las of Latin America must ignored.

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Scenes from East African life

INE GORDIMER:
Guest of Honour
pp. Cape. £2.50.

hough the first became known ugh the *New Yorker*) as a short- writer, Nadine Gordimer has seemed to belong in the ous, solid, conscientious tradi- of novelists we associate with nineteenth century—a sterner ipline than the sort of fiction described as "docu- ". Her cool camera eye d details of white and black our—Scenes from Johannes- life. Her first novel, tracing bringing of a middle-class South African girl and the ning of her liberal conscience, ed experience with the sort of aneous honesty that inspires to think we too might be —ignoring the imaginative ation and skill beneath the Yes-I-know-that-feeling man- There have been other novels collections of stories since then, times appearing more passion- committed, occasionally too ly fluent and clever, but lly extending Miss Gordimer's ation as a writer inescapably ed by the South African situa- and reinforcing an impression without overt didacticism or tion, she was a profoundly l and political writer no longer merely to observe.

Now at last, with *A Guest of* , Miss Gordimer has consoli- all her achievements in a long, ly, and magnificent novel which ly reflects the mature political ness that has always been im- , but which also shows her al gift of patient and painstaking as a writer to its fullest ad- . Its authenticity is so power- one might almost say this is ved as history"—not at all thing as an "historical "; moreover, its very setting , the first days of a newly ent East African state, are al consequence of Miss 's South African experience—the liberal daydream confronting the Third World as it actually is; no longer an idealistic vision but a painful, problematical society which risks wrecking the very freedoms fought for. Her protagonist, though in no sense a crude symbol, is carefully chosen to represent the paradox of the white liberal situation in such a state. A former D.C., forced out for being too pro-African, Bray is now in his fifties but still the tall, handsome, civilized English colonel. Trying to define why he has left his peaceful retirement and his wife Olivia to return, not only as a guest at the independence celebrations, but to stay on, at the confident request of his old friend Mweta, now President, and prepare a survey on educational needs, he hesitantly admits that he is aware of his symbolic importance to his African friends:

> "I was . . . something that never happened in Africa: a voluntary relinquishment in friendship and light all round, of white intransigeance that can only be met with black intransigeance. I represented something that all Africans yearned for—even while they were talking about driving white people into the sea—a situation where they wouldn't have had to base the dynamic of *their* power on bitterness."

In Gala, his old district, he lives a haphazard bachelor life again—no curtains, monotonous meals devotedly cooked by his old houseboy, only the tawdry, pathetic imitations of European luxury hotels and comforts touchingly maintained by African owners, the same few white settlers drinking and complaining and getting out fast, the same anxious struggle for Western educational talismans, the same dreadful poverty and bewilderment, expecting him, as a figure of authority, to solve insoluble problems overnight.

And yet, it is not the same, and it is not—at least to start with—a depressing return "home" for Bray. Full of confidence and immensely popular, Mweta seems a splendid President, his enthusiasm infectious, and his plans intelligent. In Bray's old Residence, cheery, plump Aleke and his sprawling family seem competently at home: a white girl, Rebecca, whose husband is off making money in the South, becomes Aleke's secretary. She also becomes Bray's mistress, at first in gentle, almost anonymous fellow-feeling: she is young and healthy, he wrily and detachedly thinks of her as his "final kick of the prostate", and is grateful for pure pleasure. But under the surface political turmoil is building up: Shinza, the ruffianly, bearded old guru of Mweta's youth, a dedicated socialist and cunning politician, as well as a close friend of Bray's, has been excluded from the Cabinet. Bray, visiting his remote and primitive hide-out, is disquieted by Shinza's evidence of secret arrests, torture and corruption. There is trouble in the mines, rumour of gun-running across the border by dissident exiles, Mweta announces a State of Emergency, and imposes his choice on Congress against the growing discontent of Shinza and union leaders. Bray finds he must choose between loyalty to the regime and faith in the old revolutionary, and his political choice is paralleled by a reluctant awareness that he has also "chosen" Rebecca—his wife seems a stranger in another world, his emotional involvement with the girl too strong to resist. He even has a sudden flash of awareness—Olivia and Mweta are linked, individuals who no longer touch the things he believes in.

It is inevitable that Bray should become the innocent victim of his beliefs, although Miss Gordimer builds up the tension in her narrative with such skill and sense of danger that the climax remains a shock and should not be revealed here. In the aftermath of tragedy, Rebecca's decision to leave her husband offers a comment on what Bray represents—he has made it impossible for her to live with a man who exploits Africa to "make his pile". With tragic irony, Bray is dismissed by a militantly pro-African young woman as "one of those nice white liberals getting mixed up in things they don't understand".

One can't do justice to the scope of *A Guest of Honour*. Warned that there are many pages of Congress speeches reported in full, discussions of union problems, of how to reconcile independent socialism with the need for Western capital investment, the reader may balk at having to make the unaccustomed effort of political involvement. Yet because Miss Gordimer still retains her clear and witty eye and ear for detail, the images of African life provide a superbly entertaining background—almost a film documentary to lend force to the ideas discussed. She fixes certain scenes and smells indelibly even on a memory ignorant of her beloved continent—the Greek café with its "staple frontiersman diet" and synthetic juices churning brightly in containers, where Shinza prepares his campaign, the still forest lake with baobab and white sandy beach, the backroom crowded with children, card-players, the silent old barefoot black woman enthroned on her commode while the eager politicians argue and the radio plays. Among the huge cast of characters, white and black, are some splendidly satirical sketches—Loulou, the glamorous wide-boy, with his retinue of frizzy-pigtailed "petites folies" and stock of tourist junk; old Dando, the disgruntled white lawyer refusing to change his manners or drinking habits even if he is Mweta's Attorney General; the anxious Dane who runs the Silver Rhino Hotel, and his truculent, pretty daughter who elopes with a supercilious African media man—all these we see through Bray's eyes, yet without preconception or distortion.

It is part of Miss Gordimer's talent to have used as her camera, her symbolic hero-victim and spokesman, a man like Bray who has a private dignity and no personal axe to grind; because he is so obviously a good man, despite being white, liberal, vulnerable, and imperfect, we can accept his commitment to the ideal of Free Africa without questioning Miss Gordimer's imaginative integrity and this is perhaps, most of all, why her novel deserves to be read carefully and widely by those whom the problem concerns.

A little strange

N JONES:
Same God
pp. Hodder and Stoughton.

originality of John Jones's first d, which is at the very least an gent and subtly calculated—as l as an entertaining—book, is ult to define. Partly it lies in a ssful deadpan handling of black edy which the practitioners of genre rarely have the restraint e good sense to attempt. Then , there is something pleasingly in his offbeat evocation of a d, those postwar years whose al drabness is so easy a , which is hardly ever repre- d in fiction with accuracy or athy. But mostly it *seems* to be ter of theme, and the oddly ssionate message which the tunes of his comic characters ently offer us—apparently, e the moral of the book tends esce at a closer look: a mix- clash, of sheer ingenuity and control causes the vanishing

David Trematon, a young violinist ember of a talented and aspir- quartet, is drawn by pure ent, and a little curiosity, into acquaintance of a crank amateur osopher, Mr. Gedge. The friend- which has its ambiguous sexual —David is a little strange in ll, with no girl-friends and a shared with a beautiful sister, —brings in its train a group of acters each of whom, like David music) and Gedge (philosophy) pursuing the same god in a erent way. Henry Hammond, and aspiring publisher, has his and his career. The Rev. has the new God himself, to promoted by publicity gimmicks. Dr. Hennessy has a psychiatrist's conception of Normality, which appears to be the score at the end of a game of Freudian tennis. Mr. Hammond, Henry's father, has Law—he is a sea-lawyer, not a professional.

The net result of David's chance encounter with Gedge is disaster, or frustration in varying degrees, for most of them. Years later, David is a failure, Gedge is incarcerated in the asylum from which David tried to save him, Crumm is preaching to a congregation of the insane. The hand of the desired, and absent, God has intervened to alter and ruin most of their lives through a very small incident. Things look pathetically deterministic in Mr. Jones's view: something hidden from them, beyond their control, and depressingly trivial, is choosing their destinies for them. Among all the cleverness and humour—*The Same God* is often a very funny book—there is a pervading sorrow at the farcical, peculiar or simply meaningless direction human affairs are frequently forced to take.

Mr. Jones's manipulation of his plot recalls Iris Murdoch in its profusion of coincidence, suggests William Golding in his way of making the reader work hard for grave and disconcerting implications. Neither influence is necessarily a strength; and the slightly desperate toppling-over into sheer grotesquerie at the end is a serious weakness: temptations to a rather arbitrary weirdness have been successfully resisted elsewhere. While Mr. Gedge is real, in all his craziness and paranoia, David never quite achieves that status. For all this, *The Same God* is a stylish work of mature intelligence, lacking only the courage to be a little more obvious to make it a very promising first novel indeed.

Fourth period

DOUGLAS HAYES:
Tomorrow the Apricots
181pp. Macmillan. £1.80.

Each of the novels in Douglas Hayes's continuing sequence, *History of a Selfish Man*, has been praised, and rightly so, for the manner in which a period or place is identified and brought to life by a skilful evocation of its lesser, but convincingly peculiar aspects. *Tomorrow the Apricots* is the fourth in the sequence and brings us up to the 1940s, with the narrator now posted to the Middle East on active service. His father, Gus, who charmed and bludgeoned his way through *My Father in his Dizzerbell*, receives his only mention when we hear of his death; and it seems somehow sadly apt that the loss of so colourful a character should mark the least enjoyable of the novels.

As before, all the ingredients are there for recapturing a time and a way of life now gone forever, but this time they are relied on too heavily: as if the mere mention of certain characteristics and a heavy reliance on period slang might prove an effective substitute for the more subtle craftsmanship of the earlier books. It doesn't, of course; and the result is a rather haphazard list of props contained in a narrative necessarily composed of brief, informative sentences. One consolation, though, is that Mr. Hayes plays down his previously overworked tendency to endow sexual scenes with a sort of clotted lyricism—indeed, his hero suffers from a bad case of premature ejaculation during his time abroad which leaves his chances pretty limited, although he does conduct a brutally short affair with a nurse. Through this affair, and through one or two other minor encounters, we do catch glimpses of the humour and gentle pathos which have been the best features of the sequence so far.

On the record

ALEXANDER SOLZHENITSYN:
For the Good of the Cause
Translated by David Floyd and Max Hayward.
134pp. Pall Mall. £2.25.

Dlya polzy dela, the third of Solzhenitsyn's stories which followed *Ivan Denisovich*, appeared in *Novy Mir* in July, 1963. "He is, perhaps, generally more of a recorder than of a creator. . . . It may be that he is the first of a new type of Russian writer, not given to speech-making or aggressive sermonizing" (*TLS*, September 27, 1963). The translation by David Floyd and Max Hayward was published the following year. "*For the Good of the Cause* is too short for a whole book, even one with large type and wide margins, and so the translators, who have done an excellent job, have added an introduction and some quotations from the Soviet press about the important, though mildly phrased, conflict which the book aroused" (*TLS*, October 22, 1964).

The translation has now been reissued with the old appendix containing Soviet press comments, and also a new introduction by David Floyd bringing the story down to the Nobel Prize controversy last year.

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EDITH YOUNG:
Inside Out
167pp. Routledge and Kegan Paul £2

Mrs. Edith Young, sister of the artist, R. O. Dunlop, is the daughter of Daniel Dunlop, one time President of the Dublin Theosophical Society (with Æ his Vice-President) and later founder of the British Anthroposophical Society. Her mother's family were Irish Quakers, living at Killiney. A confusing heritage, enriched by Catholic maids calling on the Virgin as "Mother of Consolation, Tower of Ivory, Star of the Sea, Holy Mother of God".

Daniel Dunlop, with whose death this first volume of a two-volume autobiography ends, emerges as a delightful this-and-other-worldly-figure. He had fallen more under the sway of the chain-smoking Madame Blavatsky than either Yeats or Æ. Those floral apports, which the old lady conjured out of thin air were too good not to be true; and the portrait of Koot Hoomi hung on his wall. In the war between Mrs. Besant with her power bases in England and India and Mrs. Katharine A. Tingley, the "Purple Mother", operating from the United States, he observed a dignified neutrality, until the Purple Mother offered him what appeared a splendid opening as her private secretary. With his wife and two children, he sailed for the New World, in the steerage class.

For Edith the emigration was out of Eden. She did not like America, whether living comfortably on the charity of a rich woman with a horrible son in New Jersey or uncomfortably in a New York slum. Jeered at for her accent in school, she played truant with Italians and Negroes, and caused her brother to fall out of the window, as she thought to his death. Her father was sacked for not showing the obsequiousness due to a Purple Mother, but got a publicity job with Westinghouse which took him to London.

Edith was sent to Killiney, where she basked in the love of her grandparents and also of several mental patients whom her aunt Louisa kept in a wing of the house. It was the most integrated period in what was to prove a dissipated life. She wept at having to rejoin her parents.

Her father prospered, financially with Westinghouse, and spiritually first with Theosophy and later with the Steiner version, Anthroposophy, both of which brought him comfort and his wife distress from lady devotees.

Edith prospered in her own way. A Swedish maid encouraged her to undress and observe her body in her parents' full-length mirror; and despite Koot Hoomi looking disapproving from the wall, she found the prospect good: so good indeed that after matriculating, she went to stay with Aunt Louisa in Killiney and induced Aunt Louisa's grey-haired admirer, an Indian civil servant, to propose marriage. She was, in modern language, prematurely Women's Lib; or in old-fashioned, a minx. This was 1913, and Edith, we deduce, some four years older than the twentieth century, and much more nubile.

When the war came, her brother could protest his pacifism as a Quaker. Edith was politically against an Imperialist War; and when Gibson Young, a young Australian musician who was excused military service on the grounds of asthma, fell in love with her, Edith fell into bed with him. Like a gentleman, he married her when she was three months gone, gave up his music and took a job, like Mr. Dunlop, with Westinghouse, but in Manchester. Her father understood, because Karma taught him that children chose their parents before they are born: and indeed Edith felt a hand touching the back of her neck when the pains came on, and since there was nobody there, it might very well have been her unborn son who later on would touch the back of her neck in just such a way.

Her father's daughter, Edith was vouchsafed several such glimpses of the paranormal. But the vision she pursued was not mystical; it was the mirage of romantic love.

Gibson and she quarrelled over the Russian Revolution, he favouring Kerensky, she Lenin; and also over the grass-widow next door, whom he seemed to favour more than her. Looking after baby Michael made her feel more confined than her confinement. Was it not natural that going for a day to visit Aunt Louisa at Congleton, she should fall instantly in love with "*a pauvre Belgian refugee*", going by the name of Fichzon? and still more natural that she should suggest his getting a job at Westinghouse, Manchester, where Gibson worked? and inevitable that Fichzon should reveal that he was Grisha, a Russian Communist agent from Rostov, and beg her to flee with him to Moscow, taking Michael with her and leaving Gibson in the arms of the lady next door?

If she could have been certain of having Michael, Edith would have obeyed this romantic impulse. But Gibson loved his son, and, with money given him by his father, transported the whole family to Melbourne, to begin a new life now the war was over.

Edith found gum-trees boring and Australians uncouth, at least until she met the Melbourne intellectuals, who relished her childhood memories of Æ, Yeats, and Joyce, applauded her theatrical performances and encouraged her in giving lessons in speech and drama. She began to make as much money by teaching as Gibson did by writing music criticism:

> Gibson had his set of friends; I mine. We seldom met except at breakfast. . . . We rarely made love any more. When we did it was no good.
>
> We were unfaithful and frank with each other about it. Gibson teased me about a young violinist who deputized for him in his quartet, and I him about his attractive star pupil who was the cellist. I did not tell him that whenever the mild blue eyes of the lean, lanky violinist met mine during a rehearsal the sudden blaze I detected in them fired me too with desire. . . . The understanding between us was such that he knew what I was going to say before I said it. I introduced him to Nietzsche, he lent me Plato's *Dialogues*. To emulate him I became a vegetarian. One moonlight night I lay with him on the parched grass at Sassafras in the foothills of the Dandenongs. In the shadowy bush I feasted my body on his. I thought afterwards that I was pregnant, but I wasn't.

Having achieved this antipodean *modus adulterandi*, it would have been sensible to stay down under. But Gibson yearned to be the music critic of the *Daily Express*, so back he went to London, with wife and son following before he found a job. By now Dunlop *père* was the wealthy general secretary of the British Anthroposophical Society, raising funds for the Rudolf Steiner Hall in Baker Street. Dunlop *frère* was married, sensibly, to the daughter of a Lancashire industrialist, and struggling for recognition as a painter, while the footloose Youngs moved from Notting Hill down to Earls Court Road, keeping together for Michael's sake and sleeping apart for their own.

It was not long before Edith met Mark, a Cockney commercial artist, who called her "starry eyes", and reminded her of Grisha. He lived in a small room above his aunt's sweet shop in South Wimbledon; but he soon moved into Edith's studio attic, while Gibson moved out to live with Gordon Craig's daughter-in-law until she slashed her wrist to convince Gibson that she really did want to go and live with Jack Lindsay in a basement in Eaton Square. Michael was sent off to boarding school (Gibson's father footing the bill) and Edith was liberated from maternity (except during the hols).

It did not change the pattern [...] ever. Now Mark (nicknamed [...] as short for Pluto) had taken [...] son's place, Adrian appeared, to [...] over Mark's old place.

The plot is like that of Iris [...]doch's novels, but not as witty:

> The yearning in his eyes drove [...] his arms. Our hands trembled. H[...] as cold as ice.
>
> "You're shivering. What's [...]"
>
> "I'm in love", he said huskily [...] I don't know what to do about [...]"
>
> "There's never anything to be [...]" I told him gravely.
>
> "There must be. Something [...] done." He kissed me lingeringly [...]
>
> "One thing is certain", I said, [...]ing hysterically. "You can't [...] making love to me."
>
> "It's equally certain that I must [...] love to you. I don't mind where, [...] and how. It's just got to be."
>
> "You're mad", I scolded, "[...]"
>
> "Sure I'm crazy." Whirling me [...] he would have had me on the [...] in an instant if I'd not [...] resisted him.
>
> "O.K.", he said with a shrug, "[...] it your own way. I can wait. [...] about a nice cup of tea?"

Thus cloyingly, novelistically, [...] septuagenarian Mrs. Young [...] the amours of between the [...] flirtations with the Communist Pa[rty ...] confrontations with the Blackshi[rts ...] bottle parties among Left Book C[lub] members, and cell meetings atten[ded] by herself (as Comrade Fairy) [...] Pluto (as Comrade Fish).

The publishers claim that [...] volume "has the period flavour [...] many of the literary and poli[tical] movements of the first half of [...] century". And it is true, the[...] "flavour" is less appropriate [...] "odour". Perhaps one is misjud[ging] this first volume and Mrs. Yo[ung ...] has prevented any of the reflecti[ons] of the latter half of her life [...] obscuring the boring silliness o[f ...] earlier, in order to portray how [...] were the lives of those who ch[...] the freedoms of artists without b[...] so. It is a cautionary *tale for those* now wife-swapping in Walsall wh[o ...] anticipate they are on to someth[ing] new or spiritually rewarding.

The deeper, the colder

SARAH DAVYS:
A Time and A Time
158pp. Calder and Boyars. £2.10.

The impulse to write an autobiography, as opposed to "memoirs"—the exact moment when the impulse becomes imperative, the personal rewards of re-creating and ordering past experience—has not received much attention. To some extent the act of autobiography must always have an integrative or therapeutic aim, varying from writer to writer; and at one extreme, as for "Sarah Davys", it seems to be an essential work of self-definition, possibly more important—although the author under her own name is a novelist—than anything else produced. Her book escapes being any sort of masterpiece by the chosen narrowness of its scope and by the same defects in the writing as in the life she describes—tendencies to pose, to evade, to settle for "fine writing"; but it penetrates deeply into the nature of a particular kind of loneliness, and the painful page-to-page struggle for honesty compels respect, even—in a few passages—something more than respect.

The life-story starts with a painful rebirth: after a carefully planned suicide attempt, the author found herself in hospital, brought back to life by a series of coincidences. The book was written a few years later to define the events which led to deliberate self-destruction and to find reasons, however austere and minimal, for self-love and self-preservation. It is the chronicle of an inner life and therefore of an emotional search, chiefly through homosexual loves; much that is part of most people's lives is noticeably absent or blurred—no mention of parents or brothers after childhood, little of the author's professional life—and even the lovers, male and female, have no distinct personalities.

Yet it would be a pity if this were read simply as the "autobiography of a lesbian", for the kind of inner insatiability that the book is about could equally be present in heterosexual relationships, although it is accentuated by the curious weightlessness of sexual love totally disconnected from childbearing.

Centrally, the theme is some kind of fracture in the core of the self: an obsessive need for relief from loneliness, and an equally strong barrier against closeness or encroachment:

> The closer you approach a person, either physically or mentally, the more your own isolation is thrown into relief. It is as though you approached a fire in hope of finding warmth, to discover the fire to be only a cold light which, the nearer you came, only increased the shadow of your loneliness on the wall behind you. It is not possible to share yourself, to admit people to your inner self, as though you were a nice, cosy fireside round which friends could gather. The further in, the more arctic the weather becomes.

The courage with which the author investigates her own arctic solitude is heightened by the visible struggle with self-deception and fear. And it is an investigation without sensible tools, almost without help; after her attempted suicide psychiatric treatment was suggested to her, but she had "enough strength to resist", for the "wooden horse of psychiatric treatment would have rolled within my walls and my mind would no longer be my own". That it is a record of courage should not obscure the fact that there is also damage and deviation and waste; where ownership of one's own mind has been made to be so fragile, a cold climate is the price of safety. It is surely a twentieth-century fallacy to assume that this desperation is not an illness but the natural condition of being human.

Yet survival from unimaginable damage, other-inflicted or self-inflicted, may be one approach to wisdom. In the last section of the book describing the years since her attempted suicide, the author records, not a renewal or a reconciliation, but an austere submission to her solitude and her powerlessness, her losses and re-creations. "I am not changed, renewed, reborn. I am simply here."

CR **Bulletin**

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A Lucca vintage

VERNON BARTLETT:
Tuscan Harvest
190pp. Chatto and Windus. £1.50.

The first thing that strikes a reviewer is that Vernon Bartlett must be an admirable specimen of man in the later span of life. This is not said with any intention of diminishing the contributions of his active career as broadcaster, author, Member of Parliament and international civil servant of note, who tried to bring some humanity into the cruel years he had to live through. It is meant rather as a protest to those who called him a "middlebrow". Like all wise men, he is capable of laughing at himself and he jokes about this appellation as applied to his books. The truth is, that after a certain age (and Mr. Bartlett is over seventy) it is not "brows" that matter (any more than baldness) but courage, kindness and equilibrium. And then, "on a l'âge de ses artères".

The publishers say that *Tuscan Harvest* is a sort of postscript to *Tuscan Retreat*, a widely-read piece of Italian autobiography published in 1964 when Mr. Bartlett had decided, after a lifetime of wandering over the world, to settle in a farm near Lucca and cultivate the grapes and olives himself. There are few more propitious places in Italy or perhaps the world, for nature provided the fertile, rolling landscapes and man the romanesque churches and the jewel of a walled city, Lucca itself.

Tuscan Harvest meanders like the river Arno. It would be impossible to enumerate the changes that have taken place in Italy since 1964. They include more and more autostradas, tourists in millions; the changes in sexual mores which are more dependent on the automobile than the Pope; and, last but not least, [...] desertion of the Tuscan country[side ...] For young people prefer the ind[ustrial] wages and smog of Milan [...] the Lombardo-Piedmontese com[...] to the pastoral life of their f[ore]fathers.

There are interesting comm[ents] on wine-making, sometimes co[...] but for all that by now pro[fes]sional—for Mr. Bartlett has int[ro]duced revolutionary French meth[ods] on his fifteen-acre farm which [have] been imitated by neighbours; and [...] critique of the cultivation sugg[ested] by Virgil in his *Georgics*. He [is an] enthusiast of the society for pro[tect]ing animal and bird life centre[d at] the British Institute in Florence [...] see the sturdy and spasmodic [...]giosity of hoary traditions: [...] Roman (and perhaps Etruscan) [as] well as, if happily not more [...] Hebraic. Family ties and all the[...]

Mr. Bartlett is interesting o[n] other personal subjects. He [con]fesses that he is still torn be[tween] his farmer's retreat and his [...] life spent trying to reform [man]kind's politics. He also notes [(like] Italo Svevo) that in elderly men [the] sexual urge does not cease: "[On] visits to London, I found m[yself] crossing the road to stare at [...] photographs of strip-teasers wh[ich] thickly populate Soho. Only shy[ness] enabled me to resist the s[...] looking young men of these [...] joints, with their promise of be[auti]ful girls inside", but he notes, w[...] "There is sympathy . . . for [...] young men whose sexual adventu[res] get them into difficulties: there [is] seldom anything but disgust for [the] old man in similar circumstance[s]." And elsewhere he adds: "*My* [...] experience in this new world of [...] age may possibly help some of [...] still on its threshold." The [...] certain, not just possible.

The reluctant conformist

The Oxford Ibsen
Volume I: Early Plays.
[Edit]ed and translated by James [Wal]ter McFarlane and Graham [Or]ton.
[...]pp. Oxford University Press. £7.

[Betw]een his twenty-third and thir[tieth] year, Ibsen worked as resident [dram]atist and "instructor" at the [Nat]ional Theatre in Bergen. He was [in] charge of rehearsals, and in [...] took the company on a tour to [Copen]hagen and German towns, but [was] also expected to compose plays [...]ing the nationalist enterprise. [The] violinist Ole Bull, who had [found]ed the theatre, took a risk in [giv]ing this post to a young student; [...] Ibsen had been the only Norwe[gian] to respond to the revolutionary [even]ts of 1848, with his play *Catiline* [and] his poems to the Magyars who, [und]er Kossuth, were struggling for [the]ir independence.

Although Ibsen's own nationalist [enth]usiasms were genuine, he was [...] caught between the incompatible [dem]ands of the Norwegian Myth and [the] *pièce bien faite* which "imposed [a ki]nd of intellectual bondage from [wh]ich it took him long years to break [free]", as Professor McFarlane says. [Dre]ams of a heroic past and an [equ]ally glorious future after Nor[wa]y's "thousand years' sleep" did [no]t prove compatible with the rigid [con]ventions of the French stage, [wh]ich supplied the rest of the repertory.

From this first volume of Ibsen's [wor]k, the effect of those seven formative years can be gauged. The arch[ives] of the Bergen Theatre supply a [detai]led account of the organization: [regula]tions included fines for quar[rel]ling, for the use of "expressions [that] offend feminine modesty" in [the pr]esence of the actresses, smoking or drunkenness on the premises. Ibsen's own duties were fully set out. The angry young man who was so skilful at drawing caricatures conformed, but at a cost (even so, he was often too satirical for his audience). Bergen later supplied the background for *Ghosts*, set in a place where it is nearly always raining. Professor McFarlane says:

> The experience of those years—it would not be an exaggeration to call it traumatic—invaded his later dramas in a multiplicity of guises. In essence what emerged was the conviction that any submission to "duty", any surrender to traditional or institutional or social pressures was an affront to the integrity of the individual, and therefore something to be passionately resisted in the interests of genuine self-realization, which alone justifies our existence.

The biographical record and the samples of drearily conventional patriotism (of which his sole popular success was *The Feast at Solhoug*) suggest that the true development of Ibsen must be traced elsewhere. Two works which he wrote before going to Bergen, *Catiline* and the political parody of Bellini's opera *Norma*, represent the iconoclastic Ibsen who was to emerge again in the satiric *Love's Comedy*; it is through these plays rather than any of his historic dramas that the line of evolution runs. *Catiline*, composed while he was an apothecary's apprentice, is very obviously taken from the Latin works he was "cramming" for university matriculation, when, as Ibsen said,

> I was not in a position to give vent to everything that was fermenting in me, except by playing mad practical jokes that drew on me the wrath of all the citizens who were completely remote from the world that preoccupied me in my isolation.

The hero is presented as both heroic and criminal; he is set between two conventional female figures—his wife and Good Angel, and Furia his Bad Angel, a vestal virgin whose sister he had ravished, and who herself pursues him like a vengeful ghost with a passion of love-hate. He ends by killing his wife (who has most improbably accompanied him to the field of battle) while he in turn is stabbed by Furia. These two represent contrary states of himself:

> Is not life then an unending struggle
> Between the hostile forces in the soul
> And in this struggle lies the soul's true life.

Brand, and perhaps Julian, can be dimly foreseen in Catiline; Hedda, and perhaps even Irene, in Furia. Because the work came out of Ibsen's own depths, and out of the year of revolution, 1848, it deserves to be read between the lines.

Norma, which was printed in the students' magazine at Christiania, is a good example of student revolt, mid-nineteenth-century style. It is subtitled "a politician's love"; the hero is "a Liberal or failing that, Herr Stabell". The little squib underlines the latest government scandal. Other characters include the Government, the Opposition, with its two consumptive sons, The Address to the King of 1848 and The Address to the King of 1851, and a chorus of "the sensible members of the Opposition, together with Skjerholdt". The play ends with the apotheosis of the hero into a demi-god "or—as people express it today—into a Cabinet Minister".

Two volumes of the Oxford Ibsen have still to appear. It is a pity that Ibsen's lyrics were not included in the present volume, but perhaps they will be included in a later one. As Professor McFarlane records, the untimely death of Graham Orton, his co-editor, deprives this standard edition of a sensitive and subtle writer. It is hoped that none the less the concluding volumes will not be too long delayed.

High and low

WILLARD FARNHAM:
The Shakespearean Grotesque
Its Genesis and Transformations.
175pp. Clarendon Press: Oxford University Press. £2.

THEODORE WEISS:
The Breath of Clowns and Kings
Shakespeare's Early Comedies and Histories.
339pp. Chatto and Windus. £3.

Whether the current fashion for treating Shakespeare as another Beckett or Genet reflects a true kinship or merely a confusion between his concerns and theirs, our modern taste for what Theodore Weiss calls "the sudden, the improvisatory, the incongruous" has certainly drawn renewed attention to that antic disposition of Shakespeare's art in which kings mix with clowns and princes exchange roles with fools. "Shakespeare's genius for mingling the merry and the grim", as Professor Weiss puts it, bears some analogy to what goes on in the theatre of the absurd, and Professor Farnham identifies this quality as the grotesque style, with its roots in a medieval tradition. But, as both these studies illustrate, the Shakespearian form of grotesque counterpoint achieves an equilibrium and an inclusiveness that are missing from, and even alien to, the trendier cults of our contemporary stage.

The Shakespearean Grotesque traces the aesthetic of "beautiful deformity" from the decorative fancies of Romanesque motifs, through the comic realism which parodies or satirizes serious subjects in the later Middle Ages, to the interpenetration of high style with low typical of Shakespeare. Fundamental to this conception of the grotesque is the idea of fantastic conjunction or witty duality. Thus Professor Farnham finds that the delight taken by Falstaff and Hamlet, clown and prince, in "equivocal wordplay" is as characteristically grotesque as the sense contained in each of man as a hybrid creature: that monstrous compound of animal with more-than-animal which is the image held up to nature in the distorting mirror of the grotesque tradition. And while Thersites and Iago are developments of the diabolic grotesque in their zest for ribald denigration and their denatured malevolence, the monstrosity of Caliban is invested with a dignity and pathos that make his lack of wit something like a virtue.

Through these and other figures, Shakespeare's variation and development of the tradition is shown to be a process of assimilating the grotesque ever more closely to the heroic or romantic world in whose shadow it stands. From a simple and well-defined antithesis between high and low, in which the grotesque functions subordinately as a mockery or inversion of established values, it becomes in the plays of Shakespeare's maturity a means of amplifying the reality of those values, a necessary part of the scheme of things. This is a subject that could fill more pages than Professor Farnham's book contains, but, characterized by the ripe and humane scholarship of his long-sustained interests in Shakespeare's medieval heritage, his account is succinct and enlightening within its narrow compass. A notable omission, nevertheless, is that of Ovid, whose myths of monstrous and violent transformations, cast in his curious and conceited style, must surely have a prominent place in the history of the grotesque as a whole and of Shakespeare's grotesque in particular.

Sharing Professor Farnham's interest in the equivocations of hybrid form and in the play of witty fancy, *The Breath of Clowns and Kings* approaches the comedies and histories in terms of Shakespeare's developing attitude to poetic and theatrical artifice. In the grotesque blending of mirth and agony, "to move wild laughter in the throat of death", and in the fantastic transformations of nature wrought by lunatics, lovers and poets, Professor Weiss sees Shakespeare's preoccupation with the relations between artifice and reality, and with the licence and limits of make-believe. In his attitude to language especially, Shakespeare is said to be

> always moving from artifice to art, as he was from description and the lyrical to action, was always leaning towards the plain, the "classical"; yet always he was detained, so ingrained was the habit in him, by the complex, the suggestive.

Himself a poet of distinction, Professor Weiss is keenly responsive to Shakespeare's fascination with the dual nature of words, as beautiful toys and as instruments of power, and the best criticism in the book is displayed in some acute commentary on the style of particular speeches. But Professor Weiss's own style does not perceptibly lean towards the plain: instead it verges at times upon the precious, which does not disguise the occasionally pedestrian stretches of plot-summary. Yet, despite some unevenness, this is on the whole an attractive and perceptive study of the early Shakespeare, redressing the balance of those attempts to make Shakespeare our contemporary in the drama of "cruelty, madness, savagery" by reminding us of some equally Shakespearian qualities, less in vogue: "We painfully lack, not to mention sweetness and tenderness, the grandeur and conviction, even in savagery, the buoyancy which usually ventilates Shakespeare's plays."

The Ettrick shepherd

[Jam]es Hogg: Selected Poems
[Edit]ed by Douglas S. Mack
[...]pp. Clarendon Press: Oxford [Un]iversity Press. £2.10.

[A]s poet James Hogg has little [...]ning existence. The man himself has been confounded with Shel[ley']s friend Thomas Jefferson Hogg; [an]d browsers in *Blackwood's Maga[zine]* of the 1820s and 1830s will have [foun]d him posed as the rustic shep[herd] in John Wilson's "Noctes [Am]brosianae". Like Burns and [...] he was an unlettered peasant [...] who achieved some sophistica[tion] and popularity, exploited the [...] language which he spoke [...]ually—for some notable bal[lads], besides having satiric and des[crip]tive veins and a vigorous sense of [...]. If the Edinburgh literary scene [...] the Ettrick Shepherd somewhat [...] and emulatory on his early [...], Hogg soon proved himself [nei]ther dolt nor revolutionary genius, [...] nestling down in *Blackwood's* [...] from 1822 until his death [...] 1835.

[M]any of his ballads, their rhythms [and] stresses frequently dictated by [...] tunes, were published in [Bla]ckwood's and other Scottish [per]iodicals. Some of the patriotic [...] songs, such as "Bonny Prince [Cha]rlie"—pronounced by himself [...] "one of my worst"—have [acqui]red so traditional an aura that [...] expects the signature to be "[An]on". If anonymity is fame, [...] Hogg has attained it. But [...] are richer, more personal, in[...]pendent expressions of his metri[cal ...] where the tune is all con[...] in his own writing, whether [it ...] evokes an atmosphere of shimmer[ing] beauty or is a pungent satire in [...] Scots dialect packed with fun.

[...] achievements vindicate [...] claim to be something more [than a ba]lladmonger. In his day Sir Walter himself had a high opinion of him and the two became close friends. Nor is it merely a generous gesture to a fellow-Scot that has led Douglas Mack to make the present selection, preserving the finest, sugared with the most popular, of the Ettrick Shepherd's verse. Along with a chronology, bibliography, notes on each item and a glossary of Scots words, Mr. Mack has supplied an informative and critical introduction. Readers are warned in it that Hogg's poetical output is not all on the level of these examples.

That the part is greater than the whole applies even to Hogg's most considerable achievement, "The Queen's Wake". As the traditional Scottish bards assemble for a contest at Holyrood each picturesque old harpist is portrayed, as preface to his poem. Since this requires two all-night sittings there is scope for variety in theme and treatment—and for longueurs too. Mr. Mack rescues the two "best poems" from a deal of tedium in an overall "failure", presenting in "The Witch of Fife" and "Kilmeny" a notable contrast between satiric comedy and mystical philosophy. The first is a rousing satire on the old peasant belief in the supernatural. A husband contrives to take to the air in pursuit of his witch-wife and her cronies whose aim is an orgy in the Bishop of Carlisle's wine-cellar where, properly sozzled, he is caught and nearly burnt. The ballad-poem is written in a craggy imitation of Middle Scots; here is the escaping old man in flight:

> His armis war spred, and his heide
> was hiche,
> And his feite stack out behynde
> And the laibies of the auld manis
> cote
> War wauffyng in the wynde.

"Kilmeny", in which that rarity a pure unsullied girl disappears for seven years, shows a depth of contemplation and mystical feeling unexpected from the "Noctes" performer. From the world of sin and death Kilmeny has been taken presumably to heaven, where all is peace and joy, a beauty of landscape (which Hogg exploits with ardent enjoyment even in his parodies of Wordsworth) and a harmony that sends Kilmeny back again from earth to the ideal.

The varied vitality of Mr. Mack's judicious selection does establish the Ettrick Shepherd as a poet, though a lifetime of practical journalism and popular balladry was unconducive to sustained creativeness. The book yields pleasure enough, but little desire to explore farther and fare worse.

The tremendous growth in collecting today has brought with it a need to understand the art market. Collectors, whether risking £40 or £40,000, want to know the forces at work in determining the auction price of what may be a "priceless work" or a merely average representation of an artist's achievement. This obvious need led to the setting up of the Times/Sotheby art price indexes in 1967. Geraldine Keen, statistician and journalist with "The Times," spent over a year with a team from Sotheby's digging through old records and working out how a price index could best be constructed. Her book, "The Sale of Works of Art," A Study Based on the Times/Sotheby Index, is the result of this research. It is illustrated with 170 black and white photographs and 12 full-colour plates. There is a chart of the index for each of the fields covered. £5.00

NELSON 36 Park Street, London W1Y 4DE

Independence and anarchy in Algeria

DAVID and MARINA OTTAWAY: Algeria

The Politics of a Socialist Revolution.

322pp. University of California Press. (U.B.E.C.) £4 5s.

Knowing us is difficult but understanding us is damned difficult, is roughly the tenor of a passage from an Algerian official publication produced for the ill-fated Second Afro-Asian Conference and quoted by David and Marina Ottaway at the beginning of *Algeria*. The authors have certainly mastered the first problem. They have also made a good stab at the second—though who can be said fully to understand so diverse and complex a people as the Algerians? Do even their own politicians really understand them? The authors quote cases where evidently they did not.

"Algeria is above all a little known people passionately gripped in an anguished search for its destiny", continues the same publication: and for its personality and its past, they might have added. For the long and deep-rooted period of French colonial rule so divorced Algerians from their indigenous systems and ways of life that little memory of these persists. The search for a traditional national personality can only pursue myths reflecting the personalities of the present.

And the present has been anguished. On independence, the Algerians inherited an exceptional set of problems. They did not take over an undeveloped country: it might have been easier had they done so. But the French had ruled the country as though it were part of France, with their habitual complex administration in which the Algerians played no part (of 2,000 civil servants in Algiers in 1957, eight were Muslims). With the massive French exodus the system should by rights have collapsed, yet the Algerians struggled to keep it going: too complex for their needs but the only one they had.

The nation which took on this task was largely uneducated, unskilled and socially disrupted by the war. No strong charismatic leader emerged from the struggle to put before them and enforce a firm and consistent policy. Personal profit in the form of abandoned farms, houses and power was there for the taking, to anyone who moved with sufficient speed or force. Anarchy inevitably resulted.

This book analyses how the Algerians tackled or failed to tackle this disheartening situation during the first six years of independence. The story centres on the role of the two men, Ben Bella and Boumediene, who have tried to establish a political leadership. David and Marina Ottaway conclude that, ironically, although their characters and intentions could hardly have been more different, they were forced to adopt the same solution of concentrating power in their own hands, eliminating political opposition, and excluding the people from any political role. The constant threat of rivals seizing power was accentuated by the lack of a hereditary power structure in which the regime could find a place, and inhibited any effective government for the first five years of independence at least.

The economy inevitably suffered. As the authors remark, any system consistently followed would have been better than the continuous changes to which the Algerian one was subject. The most original experiment during these early years of independence was the system of self-management. It was, however, a more sophisticated system than the *largely illiterate peasants and workers* could handle—embezzlement of funds, marketing difficulties, technical and administrative failures caused only a small proportion of the previously rich farms to show any profit, while many factories went bankrupt. As a result the private sector, constantly under threat of nationalization, was not nationalized, while state control spread extensively (often at the expense of self-managed enterprises). Boumediene's dynamic Minister of Industry, Abdeslam, has greatly strengthened the industrial sector through widespread state-controlled industries. This is rated the regime's most positive achievement by the authors.

The acid test for the leadership must be their own people. Ben Bella courted the crowd, but despite his apparent popularity they did not stir when he fell. Boumediene "the faceless one" has never won popular support and has alienated the left. Massive unemployment (variously assessed, but credibly put by the authors as three men out of four without full-time employment) has depressed the people and fostered apathy. Their society is no longer in anarchy, thanks to Boumediene; *their children* are being educated. But independence has as yet brought little joy. Protests by student-workers' unions have been ruthlessly to heel but their dissatisfaction remains a potential threat.

David and Marina Ottaway have painted an accurate and informed picture of Algeria in the 1960s. They never fall prey to Algerian political life has developed as it has, they are on more familiar ground. They lay the blame for the clannishness of the partly literate North African society, noted in the fourteenth century by Ibn Khaldun. True, Algerian political life has degenerated into a series of clans not based on a common ideology. Yet this has not been the political fate of the other Maghreb countries, to anything like the same extent; these clans are not the traditional ones of family and tribe, as the authors point out. A more detailed study of this theme might have added to the interest of this book, which gives us the answer to "what?" and "how?" but only part to "why?".

Nationalism and pluralism in Israel

V. D. SEGRE: Israel: A Society in Transition

227pp. Oxford University Press. £2.50.

When Chaim Weizmann visited a game reserve in the course of a Zionist fund-raising tour in 1932 he gave way to a wistful thought. "Here they [the animals] were, I thought, in their home which in area is only slightly smaller than Palestine: they are protected, Nature offers them generously of her gifts, and they have no Arab problem. It must be a wonderful thing to be an animal on the South African game reserve!" Similar thoughts of one kind or another probably occurred to many a Zionist leader. Even Herzl, planning his Jewish state before he had thought of Palestine or dreamt of an Arab problem, and guessing that wherever the Jews went they (unlike the early Greek *colons* Dr. Segre compares them with) might have trouble with the local population, outlined in his diary his plan to move the poorer members of the indigenous community "across the border" by getting them work in the country they would go to while "in our own land we deny them any work". Herzl's strategy was guided less by "honour", as Dr. Segre sees it, than by simple realism; but even he accepted that the onus lay on the incoming Jews to find work for the outgoing populace. One wonders if it is still realism which prompts Golda Meir, three generations later and consistent with Herzl's thought, to tell a conference of kibbutz youth (in March, 1969) that "one of the greatest dangers facing Israel is Arab labour . . . I do not want the Jewish character of this State to disappear."

In the face of statements such as this—and there is no dearth of them—is it possible to maintain that Zionism has never striven for a purely ethnic Jewish state, that the idea of Jewish homogeneity was only foisted on Israel by a hostile Arab world keeping it in a state of siege from the moment of its inception? After all, *avoda ivrit*, the principle of Jewish labour—meaning the exclusion of Arabs from all Jewish enterprises—was written into the constitution of the Jewish Agency in 1929. It was only the rare individual who had serious misgivings about it; one of them, Arthur Ruppin, concluded despairingly: "It is our destiny to be in a state of continual warfare with the Arabs—a view which Moshe Dayan quoted, and concurred with, only two years ago.

It is against this background that one has to see the work of Israel and before it of the Yishuv and the high ideals the Jews promoted and the care with which they looked after their own citizens. No one can read about the early years and the vast rescue operations which each *aliya* or wave of immigrants represented without feeling involved. (It is unwarranted to suggest, as the author does, that the tragedy of the six million has been "forgotten" and its place taken in the conscience of the West by the problem of the Arab refugees: does it really have to be a case of either/or?) One can well understand how belief in the utopian notions which coloured Zionism and with which the early settlers tempered their pragmatism was—and still is—hard to abandon in the face of a less palatable reality. For the Middle East takes one into a looking-glass world. It is only too easy to move about on one side of the mirror, oblivious of the other. But one of the results of the Six-Day War, one hoped, would be at least the objectivizing of memories; that three victories in a row would help the Israelis to a clearer picture of the past, if not of the future.

It is more than just a question of emphasis. Certainly before 1948 serious groups were advocating a bi-national state which after the war was impossible to do. But they were always outside the mainstream of Zionist thought, even though, as in the case of Hashomer Hatsair particularly, their influence on certain sections of opinion was considerable. The War of Independence was no watershed and the driving in of *Israel on itself which resulted had* been ideologically well prepared for. There was never really any question that when the latent conflict between utopian-socialism and nationalism came to the surface the latter would win. Only in the *huis-clos* atmosphere of the Mandate could such an ideological paradox have survived so long.

Israel: A Society in Transition is about a great deal more than Israel's relations with the Arabs, but this is of course its leitmotiv, and again and again as it touches the story one is brought up short against some idea that seems to bear little relation to the facts as they appear from outside. For example, is it possible to equate the Arab refugees with Israel's "refugees"—the influx of immigrants mainly from Oriental countries after the founding of the state: does the spirit in which one "moves across the border" really make no difference? Is Israel attempting to establish "a pluralistic state in which the concept of Jewish universalism is put to the test again"? Evidently not, if Mrs. Meir has her way. The coalition she heads may dissolve, but as well as her party there are other groups, among them the heirs of the old Revisionists and the religious parties, which trace their mandate back several thousand years to one of the most exclusive writs of possession ever recorded.

While Dr. Segre maintains his objectivity when he is discussing Israel's institutions and its social and political complexities, he loses his detachment when he moves from the internal Israeli scene to the wider ideological field which includes some of the more sensitive points of the Zionist story. This is the pity, for an objective analysis of Israel "from the inside" is needed. Just because it has to be such a closed society, the full story cannot be properly told by an insider; yet anyone closely involved in it has tended—naturally—to be a prey to emotional bias. This book is no exception. Perhaps a more cool review of past and present Israeli attitudes by an Israeli is too much to expect. One feels none the less that in the context of this study, which will see the latest phase of Israel's development, Dr. Segre will get nearer to the truth in particular, make a more convincing case than he has so far for Israel's transition into a genuinely pluralistic society. One would like the assurance of more than just the sincere personal expression of faith that this is happening.

Power struggle in the Yemen

CLAUDE DEFFARGE: Yemen 62-69

302pp. Paris: Laffont. 25fr.

EDGAR O'BALLANCE: The War in the Yemen

218pp. Faber and Faber. £2.25.

Unlike many other countries in the Middle East, the Yemen has been little covered by Western authors. Documentation being scarce, the best books are eyewitness accounts beginning with Niebuhr in the 1760s. More recently we have had Hugh Scott's *In the High Yemen* (1942), a careful and unassuming record. The two best modern books are by Frenchwomen—Claudie Fayein's *Une Française Médecin au Yémen* (1955) and now the compelling *Yemen 62-69* by the journalist Claude Deffargé. The war created a demand for books on the Yemen; some suffered from hasty preparation, some from bilious partisanship. An exception was Manfred Wenner's carefully documented if pedestrian *Modern Yemen* (1967). Muhammad Sa'id al Attar—*Yemen* (1964)—is deeply committed to the Revolution, but has great integrity and a distinguished intellect improved by a French education, and his book is especially valuable in rebutting ignorant propaganda about the old regime.

Yemen 62-69 vividly presents what the author and her husband, Gordian Troeller, saw and heard during visits to Sanaa in 1962 and 1967 and to the tribal resistance in 1963. These accounts make up the bulk of the book, linked by narratives enlivened with first-hand records of revealing conversations with Yemenis. The atmosphere of Sanaa in the autumn of 1962 is perfectly caught. The book avoids partisanship without falling into the opposite fault of chilly indifference; in fact, there is sympathy with both sides and, if the book needed a hero, it would be the Yemenis of all regions and classes, facing the difficulties posed by their own past and by the power struggle conducted on their soil by Egypt and Saudi Arabia.

The War in the Yemen is unfortunately less readable and less convincing. Edgar O'Ballance has previously written on wars all over the world and would not presumably claim any very profound knowledge of the Middle East. His information is often inaccurate. He wrongly says that Zaidis pray only thrice daily, that the Yemeni Ismailis follow the Aga Khan (they are of a quite different branch) and that the winter is the rainy season—no important mistake in war. He fails to understand Yemeni character and society. "There were great extremes of wealth and poverty", he says, as if we were talking of Egypt or Persia; but contrast Muhammad Sa'id, no friend to the Imamic regime, who says of the Seyyids, the privileged class, "compared with the rich in Saudi Arabia, they appear poor . . . they are generally simple people, extremely modest, who receive all classes with a legendary hospitality". The Imam was certainly no Farouk. The book constantly insinuates that the Yemenis are naturally cruel and cites the beheadings and hand-chopping whereas these are simply the result of the Islamic penal code, the Shari'a, until recently current throughout the Arab world, incidentally producing law-abiding societies which would be the envy of modern Europe. It says, absurdly, that in pre-revolutionary Yemen "liberal thought invited decapitation". Prince Hassan, the arch-reactionary of the royal family, is depicted as one of a number of "disappointed idealists slipping away to join the Free Yemenis in Aden". It says that the first revolutionary government included only two Shafe'is (Sunnis) whereas the early revolutionary governments carefully balanced Shafe'is with Zaidis. These easily verified mistakes discredit the book's accuracy where precision is harder to obtain. There are no references to sources or even a timetable of the author's visit(s) to the Yemen, so that checking is difficult, but one must clearly contest the assumption of omniscience on the views and motives of—for example—President Nasser ("he wanted . . ."), which only he could have possessed.

Despite these blemishes, this is worth reading, *faute de mieux*, because it does attempt to describe the civil war from beginning to end, which no one else has done. Because it is not partisan between the two sides; and because it brings out what many Westerners did not see at the time, that the Yemen was not an ideological confrontation between right and left but a local affair in the scope of shifting allegiances and alliances by individuals and groups against a background of the Egyptian struggle, and that it was often fought with money bags in an effort to secure the support of volatile, mercenary, and unhappy tribes; while the unfortunate Yemeni peasants were left worse off and better off and Egyptian fellaheen were killed in thousands in a quarrel not of their choosing.

Volume 1 of *The Europa Year Book 1971* (1,433pp. Europa Publications. £9), covering International Organizations and Europe, gives details of another eighty international organizations, a chapter on the U.N. Research Institute for Social Development, and a section on international population statistics.

The osmotic sap

BY ROY FULLER

The text of a lecture given in Oxford on May 6.

[illegible] over seemed to be one of Dr. Leavis's most telling criticisms of Shelley [illegible] the following familiar [illegible] from the "Ode to the West [illegible]":

[illegible] wind, mid the steep sky's commotion,
[illegible] clouds like earth's decaying leaves are shed,
[illegible] from the tangled boughs of Heaven and Ocean,
[illegible] of rain and lightning: there are spread
[illegible] blue surface of thine aery surge,
[illegible] bright hair uplifted from the head
[illegible] fierce Maenad, even from the dim verge
[illegible] horizon to the zenith's height,
[illegible] of the approaching storm.

[illegible] I may quote Dr. Leavis's [illegible] of commentary, from his [illegible] on Shelley in *Revaluations*:

[illegible] sweeping movement of the verse, [illegible] the accompanying plangency, is so [illegible] that, as many can testify, it is [illegible] to have been for years familiar [illegible] the Ode—to know it by heart—[illegible] asking the obvious questions. [illegible] respect are the "loose clouds" [illegible] "decaying leaves"? The corres[illegible]ence is certainly not in shape, [illegible], or way of moving. It is only [illegible] vague general sense of windy tumult [illegible] assimilates the clouds and the [illegible]; and, accordingly, the appro[illegible]ness of the metaphor "stream" [illegible] first line is not that it suggests [illegible] on which, like leaves, the [illegible] might be "shed", but that it [illegible] to the general "streaming" [illegible] in which the inappropriateness [illegible] "shed" passes unnoticed. What [illegible] are those "tangled boughs of [illegible] and Ocean"? They stand for [illegible] that Shelley could have pointed [illegible] the scene before him; the [illegible]ugh", it is plain, have grown out [illegible] "leaves" in the previous line.

and we are not to ask what the tree is. Nor are we to scrutinize closely the "stream" metaphor as developed: that "blue surface" must be the concave of the sky, an oddly smooth surface for a "surge"—if we consider a moment. But in this poetic surge, while we let ourselves be swept along, there is no considering, the image doesn't challenge *any inconvenient degree of realization*, and the oddness is lost. Then again, in what ways does the approach of a storm ("loose clouds like earth's decaying leaves", "like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing") suggest streaming hair? The appropriateness of the Maenad, clearly, lies in the pervasive suggestion of frenzied onset, and we are not to ask whether her bright hair is to be seen as streaming out in front of her fan, there is no need to assure ourselves, it might be doing if she were running before a still swifter gale: in the kind of reading that got so far as proposing to itself this particular reassurance no general satisfaction could be extracted from Shelley's imagery.

My feeling is that this paragraph, as a link in Dr. Leavis's argument against Shelley (which I'll come to in a moment), won general acceptance and has coloured the view of Shelley ever since 1936, when *Revaluations* was first published. In my own case I was always slightly uneasy that Dr. Leavis seemed to be neglecting the point that Shelley's three stanzas are, after all, descriptive of a certain kind of sky: but it was not until 1960, when Desmond King-Hele published his book *Shelley: His Thought and Work*, that the rights of the matter were established. Here is Mr. King-Hele's relevant paragraph:

> As Shelley sees it, about two-thirds of the sky is blue and about one-third from nearly overhead to as far as the eye can see in the west, is covered by a high filmy layer of white, streaky mare's-tail or plume cirrus, which, as its name implies, looks like dozens of horses' tails or plumed helmets streaming in the wind. Low in the west are jagged detached clouds, scud or fracto-stratus, grey and watery, approaching fast in the rising wind. It is a familiar scene on the south coast of England, warning of a watery end to a fine summer's day. In the first 3½ lines of Shelley's stanza, the *loose clouds shed* like *earth's decaying leaves* into the airstream, are the fracto-stratus clouds, harbingers of rain. The *tangled boughs* from which these leaf-like clouds are shaken are those regions of air whose slightly adverse pressures, temperature and humidities make them the destined birthplace for clouds. These parcels of air, turbulent, ever-changing in shape like wind-blown boughs, *contain a mixture of water* vapour from *Ocean* and air from *Heaven*. The remaining five lines describe the mare's-tail cirrus, the *bright hair* spread as if on the *blue surface* of the sky, and streaming like the hair of a girl running into a strong wind. The cirrus stretches from the *horizon*, which is *dim* because obscured by the scud, to the *zenith*. The simile of the Maenads probably appears because Shelley had recently seen Maenad figures in the Uffizi Gallery at Florence: the simile is apt, for Maenads had the odd habit of rushing around with hair streaming. Since the word "cirrus", coined by Shelley's contemporary Luke Howard, means "a lock of hair", the emphasis on hair is justified. And, as spreading cirrus often heralds a depression, Shelley neatly links his imagery with the weather outlook in the final *locks of the approaching storm*, a phrase which is used as a caption to a photograph of plume cirrus in Grant's *Cloud and Weather Atlas*.

Mr. King-Hele adds that his explanation of the lines has been so detailed precisely because Dr. Leavis "failed to distinguish between the fracto-stratus and cirrus clouds".

It is piquant that Mr. King-Hele should have graduated from Cambridge with a first in Mathematics (he is now Senior Principal Scientific Officer in the Space Department at the Royal Aircraft Establishment, Farnborough). Dr. Leavis's insistence on the unity of culture could scarcely have had more dramatic support. My own purpose in juxtaposing these two critical quotations (which I fear may have been all too familiar to many) has been to emphasize the common ground between the literary critic and the scientist, and, indeed, between the scientist and the poet himself. For, of course, the fundamental objection which Dr. Leavis is making to Shelley is his untruth to nature; and when Mr. King-Hele demonstrates that in the passage from the West Wind Ode there is truth after all, the passage's prestige is restored.

Dr. Leavis, in his Shelley chapter, goes on to anatomize the poetry's main deficiency:

> in . . . a general tendency of the images to forget the status of the metaphor or simile that introduced them and to assume an autonomy and a right to propagate, so that we lose in confused generations and perspectives the perception or thought that was the ostensible *raison d'être* of imagery, we have a recognized essential trait of Shelley's: his weak grasp upon the actual.

Despite the disappearance of the

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crutch for the argument, the passage from the West Wind Ode, the justice of this must be admitted. Mr. King-Hele's book is right to emphasize Shelley's scientific interests and excellent in its disinterment of those interests in the poetry. And perhaps one more example may be given of the danger of overlooking the scientific cast of Shelley's mind:

When the lamp is shattered
  The light in the dust lies dead -
When the cloud is scattered
  The rainbow's glory is shed . . .

"Shed"; only, says Dr. Leavis, "in the vaguest and slackest state of mind of imagination and thought - could one so describe the fading of a rainbow." Mr. King-Hele's riposte is: "Yet the bow is created by the internal reflexion of sunlight in waterdrops shed by the cloud, so that its glory is literally *shed* with the last drops of the shower." Nevertheless, generally speaking Shelley's power of employing reality in his verse is uncertain, as his use of scientific notions is faint and damaged by the peculiarities of his vocabulary and narrative style. We must feel that had his knowledge and practice of the discipline been more profound or systematic his poetry would have been greatly improved. All too often his involvement was on the level of the celebrated occasion when Hogg visited Shelley's chaotic rooms in University College and was asked to turn the handle of an electric generating machine, the poet then attaching himself to it until his hippy hair stood on end.

Poetic responses to science

For the nineteenth century—and after—Shelley, even more than Keats, became the prototype of the poetic character. This dubious position was achieved for him by his scientific interests being overlooked and by his dissident political opinions being taken over by working-class intellectuals, leaving for minor poets and poetry circles what A. C. Bradley characterized as his "*quivering intensity*". *I think it was rarely seen how different was his fundamental brand of mind from that of Keats.* Keats has a strong grasp upon the actual, but there is a provincialism in his outlook (as exhibited in his verse, at any rate) that insulates the actual from the current of thought and history in his time, resulting in a notion of beauty as a poetic objective that crippled subsequent poets with less talent for communicating sensuous experience. This weakness in Keats is symbolized for me in the despisal of science exhibited by his tiresome notion that the scientific age had robbed the rainbow of its mystery, and the weakness is, of course, even more damaging to post-Keatsian verse. "How just, how beauteous the refractive law", said James Thomson, contemplating the rainbow in the eighteenth century. Such a sentiment is just what is lacked by the nineteenth century—and after. In the dilute emotions of Coleridge's early verse what a relief to come on this:

On a given finite line
Which must in no way incline;
  To describe an equi-
  -lateral Tri-
  -A,N,G,L,E.
    Now let A. B.
  Be the given line
Which must no way incline;
  The great Mathematician
  Makes this Requisition,
    That we describe an Equi-
    -lateral Tri-
    -angle on it;
Aid us, Reason - aid us, Wit!

Of course, the earlier Wordsworth, in this as in much else, had the rights of the matter. One thinks at once of the famous passage in the preface to the second edition of *Lyrical Ballads*, where he speaks of the poet being "ready to follow the steps of the man of science", not only in "any material revolution" that science may make to man's condition, but also "carrying sensation into the midst of the objects of the science itself. The remotest discoveries of the chemist, the botanist or mineralogist will be . . . proper objects of the poet's art." But the alienating processes of the nineteenth century tended not only to divorce the poet from the scientist but also the poet from the reality that science was making even more real. By the time of *The Excursion*, Wordsworth was speaking of science's "dull eye, dull and inanimate" as being "chained to its object in brute slavery", and forgetting the supreme importance of nature's relationship with man. It must have been annoying for scientists to read in Book IV of the poem that it was not enough for them "with patient interest to watch/The processes of things, and serve the cause of order and distinctness". This wish for science to be something other than it is poisons the poet's relations with it. Part of the power of one of the greatest of nineteenth-century poems, *In Memoriam*, is its reaction to the great geological and biological discoveries of the mid-century.

Contemplate all this work of time,
  The giant labouring in his youth;
  Nor dream of human love and truth,
As dying Nature's earth and lime;

But trust that those we call the dead
  Are breathers of an ampler day
  For ever nobler ends. They say,
The solid earth whereon we tread

In tracts of fluent heat began,
  And grew to seeming-random forms,
  The seeming prey of cyclic storms,
Till at the last arose the man:

Who throve and branched from clime to clime,
  The herald of a higher race
  And of himself in higher place,
If he so type this work of time

Within himself, from more to more;
  Or, crowned with attributes of woe
  Like glories, move his course, and show
That life is not as idle ore,

But iron dug from central gloom,
  And heated hot with burning fears
  And dipt in baths of hissing tears,
And battered with the shocks of doom

To shape and use. Arise and fly
  The reeling Faun, the sensual feast;
  Move upward, working out the beast,
And let the ape and tiger die.

The use made here by Tennyson of scientific research and speculation has touches of the naive, and there is still the impotent grasping after the notion that science misses an important part of the truth. But Tennyson's response, though shocked, is the response of the whole poetic personality, and that kind of response gets rarer, it seems to me, as the nineteenth century develops and then turns over into the poeticism of the earlier part of this century. *In Memoriam* is a poem written out of the weakness of the poet's ideological position, but since taking the weakness into account it in a way transcends it. The parallel that occurs is the poetry written by some bourgeois poets of the 1930s in the face of the overwhelming logic of Marxism.

I'm very conscious of my own naivety in the view I'm putting forward. Still, I don't want to be taken to be saying that the recipe for poetic success is for poets to cast about in some scientific stream. Otherwise it would be wondered why Alfred Noyes's *The Torchbearers*, for instance, a scientific epic in its way, wasn't a great poem. My point is, I suppose, that a blind or neutral attitude to science tends to insulate the poet from the spirit of his age and narrows his apprehension of reality, leading in turn to such poetically-destructive traits as sentimentalism. I've said on another occasion how sinister it seems to me, for example, that Blake's anti-scientific obscurantism has been taken up by poets whose verse is *ipso facto*, one might say, often formless and mawkish.

Moreover, it is only a short step from Shelley's cirrus and fracto-stratus clouds to feel (I think with the right instinct) that there is something almost intrinsically poetic in the scientific. No doubt part of this comes from the precision of a scientific vocabulary. When readers found in the *Oxford Poetry* of 1927—

  though we
Have ligatured the ends of a farewell,
Sporadic heartburn show in evidence
Of love uneconomically slain . . .

—*I think they must have been reassured that one undergraduate poet at least was on the right lines*—though the mixing of metaphors from the surgeons' and physicians' sides of medicine would perhaps not have been admitted by the more mature Auden. Part of the tone and the achievement of the characteristic verse of the 1930s comes from this sympathy with the aims and terminology of science. Auden had a scientific family background: William Empson and Charles Madge had serious scientific interests: so, too, had Michael Roberts, one of the early entrepreneurs of the 1930s movement: Christopher Caudwell was an aeronautical correspondent and invented a differential gear: through Bronowski the poetry had links with the contemporary scientific world. Also, the way to greater realism and scope in 1930s poetry had been cleared by the anti-Georgian side of the 1920s. Part of the new tone in a poet like Edgell Rickword comes from his interest in psychoanalysis and anthropology: and one would miss the full flavour of a couplet like the following if one hadn't in mind the then current discussions about the essentially random nature of the motion of particles:

Dawn is a miracle each night debates,
Which faith may prophesy but luck dictates.

Moreover, the beliefs behind so much 1930s verse took it for granted that science was a beneficial force. To be a socialist was—is—to believe that science if not an actual is a potential good and a necessary instrument in removing social injustice.

Fulfilling the geodesic curve

The scientific as the intrinsically poetic. Of course, this is an idea subject to severe qualification. There was a notorious line in the 1930s written by a poet I've already referred to, Michael Roberts. The line was: "Osmotic climbs delightful sap." One sees that the tendency of liquids to pass through porous septa and so ascend the trunks of trees is a fact of poetic possibilities, but the line fails really to exploit those possibilities, and the epithet chosen for sap—"delightful"—is merely fitting out Georgianism with another pair of trousers. Roberts is rather more successful elsewhere, and lines like "Down to the last abstraction Earth/Fulfils her geodesic curve" possibly enabled later poets to pull the thing off better. For Roberts, born in 1902, is essentially a 1920s poet: the images from science or urban life are brought in, but the poetic aim is really not very different from that of the "traditional" verse of the earlier part of the century. The verse, for example, of Aldous Huxley, beneath the rather self-consciously worn modern properties, has the old notion of being "poetic". Roberts's scientific training was much more effective in his later role as anthologist and propagandist for the new movement. C. P. Snow once remarked that he thought the Angry Young Men movement arose from the frustration felt by the arts chap confronted by a scientific world: and certainly when one compares the rebellion of the 1930s with that of the 1950s—I say nothing of the 1960s—it's not only the political differences that are striking but also the earlier period's scientific temper in contrast with the latter's almost total lack of interest in science, not to say anti-scientific basis. Of course, in the last analysis the science depends on the politics, but all the same the anthologies *New Signatures* and *New Country* would have been quite different articles had Roberts not felt that science and poetry were allied in the struggle against capitalist breakdown, minority art, the decline of England. So, too, one senses the scientific training behind the scheme of another anthology of Roberts's, *The Faber Book of Modern Verse*—the rigorous selection of trends, the making available of American samples, the generous representation of each poet. I'm speaking, of course, of the original edition: nothing illustrates so sharply the sad decline of scientific and critical temper as the later editorial tinkerings by other hands.

Temptations from textbooks

One's been led oneself into the osmotic sap fallacy, or something akin to it. In a book brought out to mark the centenary of *The Origin of Species* I came across the remark—obvious enough when stated, but when stated quite startling, as it seemed to me—that mating communities are constituted by the entire species. In most species propinquity is the overwhelming factor in the business of mating choice, but man's mobility through artificial modes of travel has in his case reduced the importance of that factor. Moreover, so far as the human species is concerned certain ideological barriers have been raised by pigmentation, though biologically, of course, the black, red, white, and yellow races together constitute the mating community. In the same, or a similar, book I also read that cattle breeders, breeding for meat, breed short-legged animals, but that that design is no use for milk-producers where a large udder has got to be accommodated. The contrast here with the production of suitable human beings was notable, particularly having regard to the wide practical as well as theoretical human mating community. There seemed to be a poem in the union of these two ideas, tarted up with a reference to the human erotic taste, in mythical times at any rate, for species other than its own.

Mating communities are the entire
Species: thus no one is too black or too
Remote to fall in love with, though the briar-
  Checked, straw-haired, next-door girl will do.

The thrift that got the mule, the fantasy
The tiglon, cannot be applied to man
Though he will always covetously eye
The bull, the laurel and the swan.

For meat are bred short-legged beasts, while milk
Producers must have long to accommodate
Huge udders; but the apt in our own ilk
Is left to inefficient fate.

One realizes clearly what has gone wrong here. The result is akin to those versifications of Marxist points that were written in the 1930s—that one wrote oneself—and which I think only John Cornford, under the pressure of being in the fighting in the Spanish Civil War, brought off in one or two poems. There is [...] kind of strangulated [...] recall only too well. [...] was preparing this [...] across the poetically [...] mark, in a book by Pro[...] Pilbeam, *The Evolution* [...] it was the freeing of [...] female from the str[...] oestrus, which limited the[...] her ancestresses to a few [...] month, that made monog[...] able to the male—and [...] development of family [...] temptation has been resi[...]

Oddly enough—or, [...] oddly at all—the process [...] discovery itself gives the [...] working-out that alone [...] in such scientific fact[...] aperçus leading from the[...] ing an organic part of a po[...] poet who has read [...] Watson's brilliant book, *The* [...] *Helix*, must have been stru[...] parallels between the dis[...] the structure of the DNA [...] and the composition of a po[...] most remarkable of these, [...] is the way Watson, when [...] stuck with the main proble[...] up a different line of rese[...] the tobacco mosaic viru[...] Though a vital component [...] is nucleic acid, it is not D[...] another form, RNA—rib[...] acid. A brief summary [...] justice to Watson's fascinating [...] ter on this, but putting it crudely, Watson's confirm[...] the helical structure of T[...] reassurance and a spur in his [...] quent return to the proble[...] proving and modelling the [...] structure of DNA. The [...] aperçus blended, as perhaps [...] consciously Watson had pr[...] The process was, as a matter [...] described by Freud in *The* [...] *pretation of Dreams* with his [...] teristic literary precision: "[...] the course of a piece of [...] work we come upon a [...] which is difficult to solve, [...] a good plan to take up [...] problem along with the orig[...] —just as it is easier to crack [...] together than each separately." [...] occasionally, two quite se[...] strands of poetic thought and [...] ing may, if one is lucky, co[...] the lesser reinforcing the m[...] often in the most practical [...] providing a concreteness [...] strand may have lacked. M[...] communities and huge udders [...] belong to another, alas [...] poem.

I. A. Richards's defence of poetry

As I've said, the scientific [...] to be seen in some of the new [...] ture of the 1920s was vital [...] mining the character and d[...] of that of the 1930s. But if one [...] now at a critical work of the [...] with that cast—I. A. Ri[chards's] *Science and Poetry*—I think [...] must be surprised at the mo[...] its claims. At least, I am su[...] having started writing—using [...] term in any serious sense—just [...] the 1930s began. Richards's [...] scarcely more than an essay, [...] in a series called "Psyche [...] tures", part medical, part [...] general, published in connection [with] a journal of psychology [...] *Psyche*. It is a book [...] *Hamlet*, is full of quotation[s ...] nouncements by Richards, in his [...] as critic, that have become [...] [con]temporary literary consciousness. But taken as a whole it seems a contradictory and unsatisfactory work. I suppose its aim was [...] a role to poetry in an age [...] become, and likely to remain, thoroughly secular. It has as [...] epigraph Matthew Arnold's [...] words:

[...] of poetry is immense, be[...] poetry, where it is worthy of its [...] destinies, our race, as time goes [...] find an ever surer and surer [...] There is not a creed which is not [...] not an accredited dogma which [...] shown to be questionable, not a [...] tradition which does not [...] to dissolve. Our religion has [...] lized itself in the fact, in the [...] fact; it has attached its emotion to the fact, and now the fact is [...] But for poetry the idea is [...]

[...] wants to justify poetry's [...] importance in terms less [...] than Arnold's, against a [...] less religious, more [...] scientific—or, at least, [...] logical—and with a view of [...] mind made more sophisti[cated] by the discoveries of psycho[...] At the end of the book he [...] to be envisaging, recommend[...] poetry "independent of all [...]", and founded instead on [...] world-picture of science". Yet [...] same time he is conscious of [...] being at the basis of all serious [...]—and poetry not only of the [...] past but also (with the ex[...] of Yeats and D. H. Lawrence [...] him) very much of the pres[...] During the course of the essay [...] some of his celebrated grap[...] with the problem of approach[...] poetry whose beliefs we feel to [...] ridiculous or outmoded or erron[...] Accordingly, he's led to his [...] of what he calls the "pseudo-[state]ment". He says:

[...] the poet's business to make true [...] Yet poetry has constantly [...] of making statements, and im[...] ones; which is one reason why [...] mathematicians cannot read it. [...] the alleged statements to be [...]

[...] then goes on to argue that [...] acceptance of statements in [...] pseudo-statements—is en[...] governed by their effects on our [...] and attitudes. "Logic only [...] if at all, in subordination [...] our emotional response." Thus [...] statement in a poem

[...] if it suits and serves some [...] or links together attitudes which [...] grounds are desirable. This kind [...] is so opposed to scientific [...]" that it is a pity to use so [...] a word.

The poet's pseudo-statements

[...] sees that this view of truth [...] poetry gets over two apparent [...] The first is a difficulty [...] never myself been able to see [...] It's analogous to the kind [...] problem that so trivially, in many [...] bothered Bertrand Russell [...] problem that one raises by [...] a piece of paper on one side of which is written the words: "The statement on the other side of this paper is false"; and on the other side "The statement on the other side of this paper is true". Richards's own example, in the passage from which I've been quoting, of a poetic statement which must be a pseudo-statement and not a logical one is "O Rose, thou art sick!" No doubt there is a convention that we must accept to go further into the poem (that a mathematician—or a plumber, for that matter—might not accept) in the business of addressing a flower (though to take the addressee as a girl called Rose will not throw the literally-minded amiss), but it is a quite rational cultural consequence, like the convention that used to exist of tipping one's hat as one passed the Cenotaph in Whitehall. If it is objected that there is something absurd or pathetically fallacious in attributing sickness to a flower, the answer is that an actual disease of the rose was undoubtedly intended to be conveyed by Blake, and further that "the invisible worm" which later in the poem is educed as the disease's agent has taken on a fresh dimension with the discovery of virus causation of plant disease. As for the poet's further intention that the rose shall stand for love or the female genitalia, I see no more logical crux in this than the mathematician telling us that A is to represent one of the apexes of an equilateral triangle.

One might add here (though perhaps not strictly on the point, and harking back to the idea of the scientific as the intrinsically poetic) that poets are more concerned with accuracy than many critics seem to allow. In "The Palace of Art", a poem that Tennyson wrote in 1831 and 1832, he had the line "She saw the snowy poles of moonless Mars". (Strictly, the line appeared in some additional stanzas which Tennyson appended to the poem in a note in the 1832 edition—stanzas which he would have inserted if the poem, as he said, "were not already too long".) When the two satellites of Mars were discovered in 1877, Tennyson altered the line to "She saw the snowy poles and Moons of Mars". The astronomer Patrick Moore has recently reminded us (*The Listener*, July 30, 1970) that even the revised line is wrong, for it's unlikely that the poles of Mars are snow-covered. So the line should now read "She saw the snowless poles and Moons of Mars". I feel sure that Tennyson's forced revision seemed to him to destroy some of the effect of the line—"Moons of Mars" is not only less euphonious than "moonless Mars", it is also less strikingly particular. The further forced revision I've suggested—"snowless poles"—restores some of the original punch of the line in these regards.

The other so-called difficulty that the theory of the pseudo-statement may be thought to overcome is the element of the plainly wrong-headed or dotty in a poet's work. With Yeats and D. H. Lawrence in his mind, Richards obviously felt this as a particularly acute difficulty. But it seems to me to be one that has been exaggerated. It would be outside the scope of my remarks to try to justify my notion that the statements in poetry referable to factual or historical or, indeed, scientific conditions don't require a special dispensation from sense and accuracy. The Marxist critic Plekhanov had a useful phrase that the value of a work of art was, in the last analysis, determined by the specific gravity of its content. Certainly there is a happy tendency for art to sink into oblivion that runs counter to man's true needs and interests. And just to take the case of Yeats, the authoritarian side of him we know from his letters, the obscurantist side displayed in his prose book *A Vision*, have been too freely, I believe, extrapolated into his poetry. What we get from the poetry is much more neutral and sensible in these areas. I'm not, by using such terms, intending to play down the passion with which his ideas are presented but simply making the point that his interest having been aroused, for example, in the cycles of social and political organization in civilizations, when he comes to work that interest out in his verse, he is, because he's a great and good poet, constantly referring it to true experience rather than letting it float fantastically free as in his prose speculations and in his studies.

The need for truthfulness

I feel, in fact, that Richards's theory of the pseudo-statement is too modest. When he says that in the poetic approach logic enters only occasionally or not at all one guesses that he is writing from an experience of poetry overwhelmingly of the Romantic kind—and quite substantially of the dilute romanticism that dominated the verse of the early part of this century, the verse which Richards would read with special interest as a boy and young man, for the poets of the dawn of the Romantic Movement would have been astonished to be told that their poetic statements were in any sense not true. I think the same experience colours the earlier arguments of *Science and Poetry*: for example, where Richards says that

misunderstanding and underestimation of poetry is mainly due to overestimation of the thought in it. . . . It is never what a poem *says* which matters, but what it *is*. The poet is not writing as a scientist.

Ironically, only two or three years after the publication of *Science and Poetry* the coming 1930s writers took up the poet for whom above all truth and the statement in their ordinary senses were important, Wilfred Owen. "The true Poets must be truthful", he said in his famous Preface. The 1930s confirmed and extended Owen's conviction that poetry had a use not merely in Arnold's spiritual sense or Richards's psychological sense but also, perhaps primarily, simply because poets were an articulate element in the state committed to no cause but the cause of truth. Their poems constituted warnings, messages, revelations, which philosophers, economists and statesmen were too blinkered, corrupt or timid to utter. This idealism about the poet's role seems to me not entirely misplaced. Poets are no stronger than other men but in their art must eschew compromise, must avoid avoidance, cannot fudge conclusions. The parallel with science is obvious. Both poetry and science are international. Both poets and scientists may be tempted or bullied into distortions of their discipline through national and commercial interests. But it's not too much to say (and I realize the philosophical pitfalls in trying to set up absolutes) that there are in science and poetry standards of truth that can't be abandoned and that essentially have never been abandoned.

Anti-science equals bad poetry

In Richards's *Science and Poetry* there are some suggestive though by no means clear and logical remarks about the scientist's relation to poetry and science's effect on poetry. A few young scientists, Richards says, are free from accepting emotive utterances (such as poetry's pseudo-statements) as though they were established facts. Their responses thus remain undebilitated. But it is just these people who as a rule pay no serious attention to poetry. On the other hand, Richards seems to regard with dismay the effect which this neutral view of nature will have on poetry. "Consider", he says, "the probable effects upon love-poetry in the near future of the kind of enquiry into basic human constitution exemplified by psycho-analysis." What Richards seems to be advocating, then, is that the scientist (or anyone convinced of the neutrality of nature) shall accept poetry by training himself to suspend his disbelief in its pseudo-statements. And poetry itself will therefore have no need to do what Richards considers it congenitally unfitted to do—absorb such so-called neutralizing influences as psychoanalysis. If ever there was a twin recipe for alienating good readers and strangulating good poetry this, it seems to me, is it. Indeed, one often thinks anti-science equals bad poetry. "All past consciousness is bunk. We're in science-fiction now . . . we're back to magic." One isn't surprised to find these the reported words of Allen Ginsberg.

I find especially comic the notion that psychoanalysis might somehow be inimical to poetry. The writings of the psychoanalysts (let alone their excursions into applied psychoanalysis) seem to be full of insights valuable to poetry. Despite Auden, perhaps poetry has so far merely skirted round the fringes of the subject. If I may mention my own case, I've sometimes done little more than versify psychoanalytic points—the osmotic sap or huge udder syndrome—and yet a few poems and individual lines I count successful, and perhaps these still await their informed readers.

University consanguinity

Of course, it's in the university that the consanguinity of science and poetry, of scientist and poet, of which I've been far too sketchily speaking should above all be demonstrated. George Steiner is one of the few academics or literary critics who clearly perceive the unity of culture, and writing sympathetically but acutely not long ago (*Cambridge Review*, January 30, 1970) about the case of Leavis and of Leavis's case for the primacy of the English School he was led into some remarks which admirably embody what I would wish to say in relinquishing my subject (relinquishing it at any rate for the time being). "It may be", said Dr. Steiner,

that crucial energies of spirit, crucial vitalities of understanding have shifted, are shifting, from the traditional arts to the sciences. It may be that non-linguistic expressive codes—music, symbolic logic, mathematics—are taking on exploratory, life-giving and ordering functions carried, hitherto, mainly by language. The whole question is extremely complex and it affects almost every part of our current lives. . . . Whether anyone not himself trained in a scientific discipline will contribute anything conclusive (as distinct from "suggestive") to the whole argument is not certain. Whether there can be real "culture", in a sense both Leavis and I would concur in, if the "language-arts" . . . lose their centrality—is a very urgent, open question. But even to ask it clearly, requires a genuine personal awareness—metaphoric as it must be to the mathematical illiterate—of the kinds of creative being, of shaping consciousness, now so deeply at work in the sciences.

Dr. Steiner went on to say that Cambridge was "one of the places in which the question can be most naturally posed" because of that university's current achievements in both molecular biology and astrophysics. "A seventeenth century sensibility", he added,

would discern in this parallel brilliance of micro- and macroscopic discovery and model-building an absolutely central, somehow "predestined" conjunction of spiritual energies—of energies that are philosophic and poetic in the deepest sense. In Cambridge intellectual but also moral adventures of a very strenuous, humanly-transforming order are being initiated and experienced. Can literary studies in any responsible way relate to this activity? . . . Are there conceivable ways in which the linguistic and moral sciences can offer any ground for collaborative interpenetration between those poetic modes of action proper to literature and those operative in the natural sciences? Coleridge . . . was certain of it. So, in very different senses were Donne and, I would want to argue from the discipline of exact perception in his letters, Hopkins.

Obviously the scientific yeast is bubbling in Oxford, no less; and though historically Oxford literature is not Cambridge literature there is really no reason why it shouldn't now confront itself with the problems Dr. Steiner outlined. I wouldn't want, even if I were qualified, to put the question in his high and dramatic terms, nor with quite the length of his perspectives. But who can doubt, when the best poets lack as well as conviction, amplitude and organization, and the worst only think themselves full of a passionate intensity, that it is high time that young poets attempted interpenetration (as the phrase goes) not only with the natural sciences but also, and consequently, with a wider and realler world?

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Commentary

The substitution of an author's personality for his work has by now become a well-established habit, the spectacle of an author in action reading or talking about his work having come to play a role similar to that of "the film of the book". The case of Jorge Luis Borges's exposure over the past two weeks by the I.C.A. to packed audiences at the Central Hall, Westminster, has been particularly contradictory. For Borges has always seen the writing of literature as a collective, not an individual, enterprise. As early as 1923, in a preface to his first book of poems, *Fervor de Buenos Aires*, he apologized to the reader for the accidental fact that he, and not the writer, had composed the verses that followed; while in a later essay, "La Flor de Coleridge", he quoted approvingly Paul Valéry's suggestion that a history of literature be written in which no names of writers were mentioned.

It is well known that Borges is much happier in any case lecturing on other people's writing than on his own, and the fact that the I.C.A. made him lecture on himself, not on Hawthorne, Melville or Chesterton, which he would have done far more fruitfully, suggests that they do not recognize the kind of writer that he is. Inevitably, in talking about his work, Borges was merely repeating, almost to the letter, the same laconic and distracting phrases that have already been collected in several books of interviews and in the notes to the most recent English edition of his stories, *The Aleph and other stories, 1933-1969* (Dutton, New York). Yet, like the master criminals of his stories, Red Scharlach and Emma Zunz, Borges has had his revenge; he has fed his audiences with clues that merely distract from the solution of the crime.

The personalization of Borges that has been going on this past fortnight could not have been more sadly inappropriate. But it would be sadder still if his books were to continue in the penumbra in which they have long languished in this country. We have come late to Borges, despite his own deep immersion in English literature, and now that the man is again absent from us we might hope that his writings will become more present.

* * *

The so-called "underground" or "alternative" press seems to have difficulties which are just as serious if not quite as obvious as those of what it euphemistically calls the "straight" press. As on one side of the paper curtain the *Daily Mail* (following the *Sun*) changes its shape and the *Daily Sketch* (following the *News Chronicle*) finally meets its death, on the other side a new paper—*Ink*—comes to life. This is an ambitious attempt by several people prominent on both sides of the curtain to provide what they call simply "The Other Newspaper" a political weekly designed to be a genuine alternative to its rivals in both the underground and the overground.

The first issue of *Ink*, significantly dated May 1, looked as good as first issues usually do, and made a nice splash with a scare story about a uranium theft from Wylfa power station—though the reporter seemed to be rather uncertain of his figures and the theft had in fact been reported in *The Times* a month earlier. The second issue maintains the standard of the first, at least in its news coverage; the reviews are less impressive. However, while *Ink* is clearly different from an ordinary weekly, it is not so clearly different from the other alternative papers, even if it is a lot more professional. Indeed, it is difficult to escape the impression that anything in *Ink* either has or might have appeared somewhere else, which is not the right impression to give anyone who casually picks up a new paper.

It is anyway difficult to see where *Ink* hopes to find its readers, as well as its tone. The established weeklies are doing pretty well—better than the dailies, at least—and the record of the alternative papers which have appeared so far is not encouraging. Even *IT* (né *International Times*) and *OZ*, which certainly succeed in selling a lot of copies, seem to have plenty of troubles to deal with, from the reactions of the authorities to the problems of their own staff. On the more strictly political level, *Black Dwarf* and *Idiot International* have both failed in separate attempts to establish a non-sectarian left-wing forum; and the sectarian papers which do manage to survive are hardly to be taken as models (except, perhaps, when they raise sectarianism to a fine art, as with *Solidarity*). Only *Private Eye* has made an undeniable success out of creating an alternative to existing papers, despite all its legal problems, and its approaching tenth anniversary may well be the underground riposte to *The Guardian*'s 150th. But then *Private Eye*—apart from being funny—provides a specific service for its readers; giving the news that's not fit to print.

Perhaps there is a clue here. Certainly more interesting and possibly more important than the large-scale enterprises which try to be too many things to too many readers, and tend to become nothing to anyone, are such less dramatic but equally ambitious assaults on the barriers of the media as *Time Out*, *Friends*, or the *Catonsville Roadrunner*. These three began during 1969 as fairly specialized papers—an alternative guide to what's on in London, a breakaway from the pop music paper *Rolling Stone*, and a radical Christian journal—but over the months they have all followed a similar path away from providing a specific service for a relatively well-defined audience towards a more general political function which is not all that far from what *Ink* and the other big alternatives are aiming at.

What is more, they are making a success of it. While the [illegible] disappears and *Ink* appe[ars in] a blaze of publicity, *I*[*T*] increased its size a[nd] while reducing its price, [has be]come indispensable to [anyone who] really wants to know [what is on in] London; *Friends* (rena[med] after an eponymous [financial] crisis and change of co[ntrol] [is mov]ing more decisively in [a political] direction, and has bee[n] more useful than eithe[r] for finding out what is [going on in the] underground; and the *Roadrunner*, also grow[ingly] political, is provi[ng that] if God is dead many C[hristians are] not—all with the m[inimum of] noise and the maximum [of ...]tion.

It is worth rememberi[ng that the] steady expansion from [small begin]nings on familiar ground [to] activities on a broader [base] seems to be more rewa[rding] for a paper and for its re[aders; in] fact the process by which [the estab]lished weeklies became [...]. It remains to be seen wh[ether the] process can be reversed: [whether] an alternative paper wh[ich begins] with a bang can avoid en[ding with] a whimper. Perhaps pro[fessional]ism will tell; but the exp[erience of] the straight press surely [suggests] that professionalism, eve[n when it] is combined with big nam[es, is no] guarantee of success or [sur]vival. The only way to [make a] paper work is to make it go[od, and] that means giving a defini[te service] to a definite public. *Ink* [is] right in avoiding the "[...] image" of so many under[ground] papers, but life at the interf[ace be]tween underground and over[ground] will not be easy.

NEXT WEEK:
Why does Stephen Dedalus pick his nose?
The first of Richard Ellmann's 1971 Eliot Lectures on James Joyce

Rival barons of *The New York Times*

GAY TALESE:
The Kingdom and the Power
555pp. Calder and Boyars. £5.

An account of twenty years of power struggle in *The New York Times*, Gay Talese concluded, when he set about to describe it, was "no doubt as valid and dramatic" as any story that the newspaper itself was covering. Agreed, in principle. Yet if validity and drama are to achieve truly impressive dimensions, the subject matter must have to do with purposes as well as personalities, with principles as well as pretenders.

The New York Times is, and for half a century has been, America's most distinguished and influential journalistic institution; it almost certainly is still the most consequential non-governmental instrument in grinding the grist of the news from which public opinion is formed. Its leader page may not be the most notable in telling Americans what to think but its news and departmental pages determine more than any others what Americans think *about*.

The Kingdom and the Power is a recent history of a struggle for control of those pages, a fight among the dukes of rival fiefdoms—the foreign bureaux, the Washington bureau, the national desk, the New York news editors, the Sunday department, the cultural, book and critical sections—for (or usually against) the consolidation of their direction in the hands of the managing editor. Since almost without exception every one of the dozens of *Times* men who engaged in the feud were extraordinarily gifted and often brilliant journalists, strong-minded and fascinating people and, by the nature of their craft, superb in expressing themselves, the drama is intense and the climaxes come illuminated largely by lightning flashes.

But a deeper *Why?* rarely emerges. Except for those of James "Scotty" Reston, national columnist and sometime Washington bureau chief and executive editor (whose integrity, philosophy and journalistic concepts dominate the story even though the author set out to focus on another leading man) the actors' motives turn out to be less elevating than the paper they produce; they were purely and simply concerned with who was going to be the boss. The story is of personal ambition, not editorial principles. There is flesh and blood a-plenty, but not much of the institution's solid bones underneath nor its spirit above.

Another trouble is that the ending Mr. Talese saw to his story has become unstuck since its publication in 1969. The British edition of the book was delayed for two years and things have changed in that time. The resolution of the conflict, with Reston moving from the Washington bureau (whose autonomy he had so long and successfully defended from the grasp of the New York editors) and thus at last bringing all the feudal domains to the foot of the throne, did not endure: Reston is back in Washington, his title of executive editor has been extinguished, a new Dauphin has succeeded to the managing editorship, and some of the barons are again riding the marches to suit themselves. Which may merely prove that power struggles are inherent in newspapers and, for their continuing vitality, should never cease.

But if there was no neat curtain to the play and if its content falls short of being cosmic, the script is sparkling. How could it not be, with a hundred different yarns, inside stories of how the outside stories were come upon, developed, reported, and written? Happily for newspapers, their operations and operators fascinate the general public to a degree not even approached by enterprises that one would have thought were inherently more interesting: one does not have to be an American journalist, nor even an American newspaper reader, to become absorbed by a chronicle of a major force propelled by remarkably engaging and idiosyncratic energizers.

In a sense, the volume is gossip, but the best gossip and of the best people to be gossiped about. [Many] of them, incidentally, served [their] duty in London and are well [known] beyond Fleet Street—Ra[ymond] Daniell, Drew Middleton, [Sydney] Gruson, Anthony Lewis, [John] Oakes, Cyrus Sulzberger, and [parti]cularly Clifton Daniel, the [...] protagonist who lost the last [...]. That Mr. Talese is able to [tell so] much about each, good and ba[d], in intimate detail, without [...] betraying his own inclinatio[ns or] personal feelings for them, de[mon]strates just how scrupulously [...] detached a *New York Times* [man] can be.

Rachel Billington

her new novel

Lilacs out of the Dead Land

May 17 £2·10

Heinemann

A study by Gustave Courbet for "The Stone Breakers" (1849).

From royalism to democracy in nineteenth-century Provence

MAURICE AGULHON:
La République au village
543pp. Paris: Plon. 51fr.

Une Ville ouvrière au temps du socialisme utopique
Toulon de 1815 à 1851.
368pp. Paris: Mouton. 48fr.

THEODORE ZELDIN (Editor):
Conflicts in French Society
235pp. Allen and Unwin. £2.75.

ROGER THABAULT:
Education and change in a village community
Mazières-en-Gâtine 1848-1914.
Translated by Peter Tregear.
270pp. Routledge and Kegan Paul. £3.25.

[Th]ose who fear that the changes [in] French university organization and structure are going to [brin]g to an end the great and im[pressive] series of theses for the *doc[torat] ès lettres*, each often running [to mo]re than a thousand pages and [repre]senting the sustained effort of [many] years' research, will be glad [that M]. Agulhon's work was pre[sente]d at the Sorbonne before the [*ré*]*orientation* had had any effect. [It is] true that this thesis, which was [origin]ally entitled "Un mouvement [popul]aire au temps de 1848: His[toire] des populations du Var dans la [premi]ère moitié du XIX siècle", is [being] published in an unusual form, [an]d is appearing in separate parts [rather] than as a whole. The two [volume]s here reviewed have been [publish]ed by different publishers and [in] completely different formats. [The] third volume, which contains [a serie]s of descriptions of the towns [and co]untryside of the Var depart[ment], is to be produced by yet [anothe]r publisher (Clavreuil). But it [is imp]ortant that this work should [be seen] as a whole, however incon[venient] the process of publication, [and sh]ould not appear in any con[densed] version. It is clearly one of [the mo]st revealing and impressive [works] of French historical scholar[ship t]o have appeared for some time, [and] it is particularly in considera[tion] of the detail that M. Agulhon's [work] will be found valuable by all [those] who are interested in nine[teenth]-century French history.

[It c]an be argued that departmental [studie]s are of limited interest. Why [shoul]d this part of the Basse-Pro[vence] Orientale, which in 1790 be[came] the department of the Var, [be of] any centre of historical [inte]rest? It is not because there is [a wea]lth of archives in Draguignan [or a] collection in the Chambre de [Comm]erce at Toulon that the his[torian] should be obliged to limit his [work] according to an administra[tive ar]rangement. The study of a [...] department has been shown to be more valuable. And although it could be argued that the history of Toulon during the revolution presented a subject of particular interest (as demonstrated by the work of Eugène Coulet, which has often been unjustly overlooked), it does not, at first sight, seem that there is a great deal to attract one in the Var for the first half of the nineteenth century.

But it is not necessary to read much of M. Agulhon to realize how mistaken such an attitude is. The problem was posed a hundred years ago by Eugène Ténot, whose account of the coup d'état of 1851 was one of the great formative influences on the Republican ideology of 1870. Up to 1830, writes Ténot, Provence had been a country of royalism and of catholic orthodoxy (it was there that the duchesse de Berry had landed in 1832, expecting to find a southern Vendée in her practical exercise in "histoire Walter-Scottée"). But during the period from 1830 to 1848 some sort of change took place in the villages and the *bourgs*. By 1848 three-quarters of the people and of the smaller bourgeoisie flung themselves into support for the democratic party, "avec toute la fougue et toute l'ardeur méridionales", and it was in the Var that the most determined insurrection against Napoleon III's coup d'état was to take place.

It is to explain this mutation that M. Agulhon has written, *La République au village* begins with the sentence:

Nous verrons donc un peuple de villageois essentiellement mais non pas uniquement paysan, dans ses agitations obscures; et nous tenterons de comprendre comment s'est peu à peu dégagée de celles-ci une opinion politique massive, toute tendue vers la nouveauté.

In this, and in its companion volume, we are therefore studying, within the bounds of one department, an evolution which is relevant to the understanding of French history as a whole. Naturally M. Agulhon disentangles other problems as he proceeds. These are not pages where over-simplifications are to be found. But he never loses sight of the fact that he is trying to solve a problem, and he should serve as a lesson to those historians who think that their job is done once they have demonstrated that things were more complex than had been thought or that generalizations do not simply walk off the page. He describes the peasant, who might be a wage-earner with an employer, a leaseholder with a landlord, a producer who has to face up to the problems of the market, and a villager, existing within the complicated network of communal rights and obligations. Here is complexity and here are no easy remarks about class. But M. Agulhon proceeds further. Concerning all these roles which can simultaneously exist for the peasant of the Var, he asks the question "Qu'est-ce qui a le plus compté et le plus concouru à le pousser à l'action?"

In *La République au village* sections are devoted to social struggles, to political and social consciousness, and to the different types of reaction to events from 1848 to 1851. In *Une ville ouvrière au temps du socialisme utopique* there is a description of the economic situation of Toulon and its region during the period, a discussion of working-class organizations (with a lot of space devoted to Flora Tristan's visit, in 1874, when she had noted her pleasure at seeing "des hommes enrégimentes être restés si fiers, si énergiques, si indépendents"), an examination of new ideas (with particular reference to Fulcran Suchet, the *universitaire* Jean-Louis Elzéar Ortolan and the better-known *poète-ouvrier* Charles Poncy), and an analysis of socialism and reaction during the years 1848-1851.

But a better method of indicating how M. Agulhon works will be gained by looking at a theme, such as anti-clericalism. He begins his discussion of this subject by describing how, in spite of the almost ritualistic grumbles of Monseigneur Richery, who was the first to be nominated to the resuscitated bishopric of Fréjus in 1823, Catholicism preserved its power through observation of important ceremonies (marriage, death, birth) and through the persistence of "cette religiosité traditionnelle des simples gens". Good priests were easily venerated; religion was the immediate resource of those who suffered from any natural calamity. So much was this the case that the clergy of Draguignan could, in 1835, speak of the "triomphe de la foi"; the anti-clericalism of soldiers stationed in Toulon and of the liberals of that town seemed very distant from the religious feelings of the general population. But during these same years there were various factors which encouraged anti-clericalism or, at least, what M. Agulhon calls "la déchristianisation spontanée". There were questions of individual priests who were successful because of their particular piety or unsuccessful because of particular shortcomings (and in the Var Italian priests were far from popular).

A more general consideration is that different conceptions had grown up concerning the interests of the commune and the interests of the church. How often, for example, could the municipal authorities use the church bells as a means of communicating the hours of work to the population? What if the municipality were not prepared to accept the church's monopoly in supplying certain funeral equipments and supported the claims of local shopkeepers to supply candles? And there were often real conflicts between the clergy and the population. If the population wanted to work on Sundays, or if the population found itself up against a new strictness on the part of the priest with regard to certain traditional festivities, then there could be trouble. Thus we are told that in Brignoles, which was notably pious, the priest decided against the custom of blessing all the draught animals. (It was said by the radical newspaper of Aix, *L'Ère nouvelle*, that this decision was associated with a peasant calling on the priest to take him to the ceremony and saying: "M. le Curé, venez. Tous les chevaux, les mulets et les ânes sont là, il ne manque plus que vous".)

However, in spite of all this, M. Agulhon maintains that the basic reason for conflict concerned matters of belief. Sometimes there was a general homage paid to some man of great piety, who was a Jansenist or a constitutional priest. Sometimes the veneration was for a local figure, often a mayor, who was distinguished as a revolutionary or as a liberal. When such personages died, and when the moment of their burial had arrived, then the population as a whole found itself at odds with the priest who could refuse to permit the ceremonial funeral which was expected and requested. Thus it was that rival ceremonies could be organized and that the differences of opinion were most open and evident.

It is interesting to compare M. Agulhon's analysis with that of Roger Magraw, concerned with a slightly later period and with a different department, the Isère. In his study of "Conflict in the villages", which is one of the most striking essays in

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by A. H. Halsey and M. A. Trow

The first full-scale study of the university teaching professions to appear in this country. The authors are well-known sociologists, and authorities in the sociology of education. They present the findings of their study of the role of the university teacher in Britain against the background of educational expansion. Their work is based on a contemporary survey and an historical analysis of British university traditions. In the Faber series "Society Today and Tomorrow." (May 17) £5

Poems of Places and People
by George Barker

Mr Barker's new collection of poems contains, among other things, elegies on people he has admired or loved and accounts of places that have a personal significance for him. The book also includes *Venusberg*, a long poem-sequence. £1·50

FABER & FABER

the first of the new series of St Antony's Publications, Dr Magraw finds that it is neither the question of Italian unification nor the "intellectual obscurantism" of congregational education which explains anticlericalism. He looks rather to the innumerable petty and purely local squabbles as the roots of anticlericalism and he treats us to a series of quarrels over the rebuilding of churches, the provision of new bells, the siting of cemeteries, the condition of the curé's house, the curé denouncing women who wear crinolines, and so on.

Yet in many of the examples which we are given we can see that there are bigger issues behind the apparently random disputes. Thus one municipal council, defending itself in print against the accusations of the local curé, concluded with the words: "Oh, Molière, you are the greatest of writers and Tartuffe is immortal." The episcopal authorities maintained a rigorous attitude in defence of the clergy because they did not want to "give way to riot". Mayors and priests fought over their powers and obligations. *Instituteurs* proclaimed themselves to be the avant-garde of civilization, but they were concerned for the very survival of lay education and were often fighting from a defensive position.

The question is also raised how the church could, on occasions, attempt to collect tithe, under the name of "la cueillette". The curé would go from house to house after the cereal crop or the wine harvest and he would be given a portion of the crop (and he would also, it was reported, collect a few insults). This attempt to collect tithe in some villages (and not always in regions famed for their Catholic sentiments) is relevant to the fears and rumours that it would be officially restored which existed in 1815 and again during the election campaign of 1869. Dr. Magraw reminds us that the Legitimist pretender, the comte de Chambord, found it necessary to issue a special denial in 1874 that a Bourbon restoration would involve the re-instatement of the tithe. Thus both in the work of M. Agulhon and in the essay by Dr. Magraw one finds that behind the religious quarrels of the village there are often larger and more substantial themes, some of them political. This fits in with M. Agulhon's suggestion that the evolution of the Var population is to be studied in terms of political and social influences. As he concludes *La République au village* (and one's only regret about this volume is the annoying printer's error which has upset the sequence of the footnotes), "L'influence de la politique, c'est donc, en d'autres termes, l'influence des classes porteuses des caractères propres de l'histoire nationale".

The other essays in *Conflicts in French Society* are also relevant to these conclusions, although naturally the starting-points of the authors are different. Their common theme is anti-clericalism, and they seek to study different aspects of the quarrels between the Catholic church and its enemies. Dr. Theodore Zeldin, in a neat and original article, discusses "Confession, sin and pleasure" (to quote his subtitle). He investigates the views of the Church on personal conduct and discusses how the Church's values differed from those of its critics. This leads him to consider the institution of confession and of the sort of sanctions which were being imposed, and he asks whether the prying of confessors into sexual habits and their prohibition of birth control were driving people away from the Church.

Robert Anderson examines Catholic secondary schools during the period from 1850 to 1870, and discusses some of the ways in which they differed from state schools. He provides a certain amount of statistical information but his conclusions are hesitant. We are on more familiar ground with Austin Gough's study of Bishop Pie, who became one of the chief advisers to the comte de Chambord and one of the most formidable opponents of the Catholic liberals. But Dr. Gough claims that Monseigneur Pie is to be understood better if we study his political activities in the diocese of Poitiers during the Second Empire and his long struggle against the prefecture and the *procureur-général*.

Roger Thabault's investigation of his own village, Mazières-en-Gâtine, has now appeared in an English translation. Using a number of commune documents, and some of the school, railway and postal records, and calling on his own recollections for the final years of his … describes the ways in wh… tion developed in Mazières … mid-nineteenth century to … World War. This is a work … to be read with enjoyment, … will find valuable inform… suggestions in this accou… changing fortunes of th… school.

Dr. Zeldin ends his arti… the words: "It is extraordi… large areas of French life … investigation." He is far fr… the first to think this. But … ing to reflect on what an … moment this is in French … studies. The historians … are asking new questions; … looking at sources which … been thought unedifying on… time ago; they are fin… wealth in the departmental … they are looking to old as… and are realizing that … not enough. It is particularly … ening to see so many at … the nineteenth century … escaped from the stultifying … tion of French Revol… studies.

To the Editor

Casebooks

Sir,—Professor Cox (May 7) defends "Casebooks" and "similar ventures" on the grounds that they draw attention to "the essentials" and prevent students wasting time on "junk". That's as may be. But what do the students *do* with the time thus saved?

Returning to England after many years in countries rather amusingly termed "underdeveloped", I get the impression that British students of English are somewhat jaded. (I'm not referring to those who have spent their energies on the barricades or in growing hair or in meeting the demands of permissiveness.) Possibly this is due to the bad food they eat. Possibly it arises out of their disappointment at finding that so little excitement is left in the study of literature; that it has become institutionalized, depersonalized; that instead of searching a library and finding treasures for oneself (*and at the right moment* "junk" can be a treasure), instead of exploring, one is directed to Casebooks, Heritages, Critical Guides, Views, Readings, Studies. . . . Textbooks, it would seem, are the only books.

The real arguments for such compilations are these: they make money for compilers and publishers; they are a mini-library for people without access to real libraries; they enable students with little talent for literary studies (who are therefore not vulnerable to disillusionment) to pass as students of literature.

D. J. ENRIGHT.
London, S.W.18.

Sir,—The reviewer of casebooks (April 30) mentions that their rise is complementary to a similar increase in the use of student's notes. As a matter of fact, in the United States, the use of notes, guides, summaries, and outlines is overwhelmingly greater than the use of casebooks and, I think, presents a far more formidable problem than they do. Casebooks, whatever their shortcomings, presumably carry responsible judgments and are edited by responsible critics and writers. Many of these "notes" are crassly irresponsible, hiding their destructiveness behind a guise of objectivity. May I give an example of this? It concerns Hazlitt and, arbitrarily enough, occurs in a *Cliff's Notes* (Lincoln, Nebraska, 1960) to *The Tempest*. At the beginning of the synopsis of Act III, scene II, we are told:

> William Hazlitt, who wrote a famous book called *Characters of Shakespeare's Plays*, has this to say about Trinculo and Stephano. "These fellows with their sea-wit are the least to our taste of any part of the play: but they are as like drunken sailors as they can be, and are an indirect foil to Caliban, whose figure acquires classical dignity in comparison". [The passage is misquoted.]

Of course, neither Stephano nor Trinculo are sailors, and there is nothing maritime about their language. Disreputable they may be, but they are very much alive and their type is as prevalent today as it was in Shakespeare's day. Whether the Puritan atmosphere of Hazlitt's boyhood home had anything to do with it or not, or whether it was that he lived through all the French Revolutionary and the Napoleonic wars without ever taking a hand, though his country's existence hung by a thread more than once, he would seem to be temperamentally unsuited to appreciate Shakespeare's plays in their entirety. (p. 29)

The recklessness of this attack is repelling, but it represents the quality of "notes" fairly well. The attitude on the part of most teachers and scholars in the United States toward notes is either aloof disdain or coffee table denunciation. This has contributed to the flourishing of notes. I feel that if journals reviewed them seriously, exposing their errors and shoddy dishonesty, the situation would be more healthy. If it be said that notes are not worth the attention of scholars, what better assurance is there to the irresponsible that they will never have to be called to account for their judgments?

FRANK ALLEN.
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Sir,—Regarding your evaluation of casebook-style anthologies of criticism (April 30). The effectiveness of this method may be enlightened by a comparison with *The Times Literary Supplement*. Without pretence to magisterial completeness, your principle appears to be the compilation of varied and tempting work, ranging from full essays to what are more nearly "snippets", intended to guide and encourage the reader of new material. As the article indeed itself suggests, casebooks may exist in a rather similar relationship to the daunting contents of a massive university library. Whether the provision of such selected criticism in casebooks will in fact provoke or discourage independent study is a question as difficult and variable of reply as the parallel matter of whether use will be made of the *TLS* for constructive further reading or for facile cocktail-party conversation. The responsibility is with the individual in either case.

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'Poets in this War'

Sir,—I do not disagree with Dr. Graham's detailed interpretation (May 7) of the paragraph I referred to (April 30) in Keith Douglas's essay, "Poets in this War"; the paragraph is very clear. My letter showed my admiration of Douglas's poetry, and I could have spelled out more fully my admiration of his essay *as a mid-war comment*. I was also very glad to be given this opportunity of reading it. But Dr. Graham's analysis of this paragraph misses the point of my letter. My intention was to take up the mid-war canard to which the publication of this essay at this time could easily appear to give support—that, because the Second World War produced little of the front-line, close-combat poetry to which Douglas refers, it produced nothing of value. I have tried elsewhere (*Poets of the 1939-45 War*) to deal with this too facile conclusion more fully. My letter was necessarily an oversimplification of the argument; but it is no longer valid to think of "active service" as narrowly as Douglas did in 1943, or accept as limited a view of what is significant in war poetry.

I am sorry that Dr. Graham should think it a "travesty" of Keith Douglas's achievement to suggest that, besides succeeding "uniquely" in his own field of poetry, he was "halfway" to a new aspect of poetry the significance of which was not yet fully apparent, that of remote-control killing. What I had particularly in mind here was the way he wrote of the enemy soldier he only saw as a man with the help of his telescopic sights and changed instantly from "a man of flesh" to "a man of dust":

> This sorcery
> I do. Being damned, I am amused
> to see the centre of love diffused
> and the waves of love travel into
> vacancy.
> How easy it is to make a ghost.

This demanded not only telescopic sights but an effort of imagination similar to that of an anti-aircraft officer firing at a plane by radar, or an air-bomber calculating the moment at which to let go his bombs. As for "Owen's compassion", for soldier and civilian, I see it in "Vergissmeinnicht" and "Enfidaville".

I was particularly interested in the thesis stated in the last lines of Dr. Graham's letter; and look forward to seeing it developed when his biography appears.

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3 Beverley Road, Colchester.

Life of Savage

Sir,—Your review (May 7) of Johnson's *Life of Savage* contains a classic example of a confusion which Sir Walter Greg sought to clear up more than twenty years ago in his essay "Old Style—New Style". According to your reviewer, Johnson gave Savage's date of birth as "January 10, 1698 (n.s.)". This is, indeed, what Professor Tracy says in the edition under review, but all Johnson's dates in this *Life* are, naturally, Old Style. What is meant is simply that the year is the calendar year beginning January 1, 1698, not the legal year beginning March 25. Ironically, the confusion is quite unnecessary, since Johnson wrote not what your reviewer quotes, but "the tenth of *January* 1697-8."

J. C. MAXWELL.
Balliol College, Oxford OX1 3BJ.

Samuel Johnson

Sir,—The bulk of your reviewer's discussion (April 2) of Professor Clifford's and my bibliography of Johnsonian studies does it somewhat grudging justice, and calls attention to some points on which it may legitimately be criticized; though perhaps not too profuse apologies are needed for having abbreviated the formula on the title page of Volume One of the Yale edition of the *Works*, "Diaries, Prayers, and Annals" to merely "Diaries, Prayers, Annals", which appears on the spine of the volume.

Toward the end, however, your reviewer gives the impression of having run out of pertinent things to say and yet having had to fill up his assigned space. Certainly some "Victorian readers", as we wrote, would have been startled by the appearance of a large book like Krutch's devoted chiefly to Johnson the writer. Whether George Eliot and Ruskin would have been included among these is hard to … for Wordsworth, who complai… the poetry published betwe… Winchilsea's *Nocturnal Rever…* and Thomson's *Seasons* (172… not contain a single new imag… ternal nature", it seems poss… the news of a poem "On a D… composed c. 1724 by the "Dr… son" who figures so ominous… "Essay Supplementary to the … as a supporter of "the taste … society", might have awakened … expression of interest from the … of "I wandered lonely as a clo…

These are unimportant mat… your reviewer's ill-mannered … just final paragraph require… protest. Our preface conc… the familiar quotation from … to Johnson's *Dictionary*: "In th… when it shall be found that m… omitted, let it not be forgo… much likewise is perform… causes your reviewer to rise … wrath and ask rhetorically: "… scholars who acknowledge the … financial assistance of three … and the aid of a score of fello… and research assistants, appr… themselves the words and the … of Johnson's noble apology?" … a novel literary principle—… users of a quotation thereby … priate to themselves" the co… which it first appeared. I supp… many people who have descr… onerous task as offering only … of "blood, toil, tears, and swe… we ourselves might well have … liable to rebuke for assimilating … selves to Churchill in 1940. … that Churchill and Johnson wo… been as offended by such "app… tion" of their phraseology … reviewer is.

Your reviewer indeed seems … a highly idealized picture of the … stances in which our work (like … other similar scholarly under… such as the Yale Edition of Jo… *Works*) was carried out. It is … those circumstances differed … from those of Johnson's *Di…* Johnson composed his *Dictiona…* contract from a consortium of … publishers, who advanced 1,500 … —equivalent, in purchasing … perhaps $60,000 or $70,000 … support him and his compe… six while they completed the … your reviewer thinks America… can get advance support of … from a publisher today for … the nature of our bibliograp… mistaken. "Generous financi… ance" is a relative matter; … we acknowledge sufficed to p… services, from time to time, … few hours a day, of one or at … assistants, usually undergrad… young graduate students, to ty… check references from through … of periodicals, and the like. … them would lay claim to … "learned" as, say, Johnson's … Shiels and Roberts.

We also acknowledged the he… number of scholarly friends wh… time to time were good enough … our attention to obscure titles … tribute their special knowled… solution of individual problem… son too had this kind of … instance, from Lord Chesterfi… Sir William Yonge on the prono… of "great" and no doubt, … from his wider acquaintance wi… telligentsia of London, … When he complained that he … of the learned", he was … asting his situation with that … mpilers of the dictionary of … démie Française—a state-sup… project involving the cooperative … of the forty "immortals". … shelter of academic bowers" … also refers to the enviable cir… ces of the Académie; the great … ries of the seventeenth and … th centuries were not compiled … sities. But if Johnson (and your …) had universities in mind, the … is peculiarly ironic when applied … lume on which the bulk of the … as done in 1967-68, with one … ationed at Columbia and the … n Madison, Wisconsin. At one … deed, Professor Clifford was … der physical siege, but, more … than some of his colleagues, … the destruction of his papers. … have been times when the … of a Gough Square attic … ttractive.

… even in quieter times, the … ces of a Johnsonian scholar … merican university can be des… as an academic bower. The … done in whatever time is left … m the normal duties for which … id—conducting courses, super… the writing of theses, engaging … ttee work. Limited as it was, … al assistance we received was … generous by comparison with … ailable to younger scholars, many … se publications, if they had John… way with words, might bear pre… as poignant as that to the *Dic…*

DONALD GREENE.
… ment of English, University of … California, Los Angeles, Cali… 0007, U.S.A.

… eviewer writes:—

… Mr. Greene tries to make my … word niggardly by his ponder… ice of one error that I pointed … At the place to which he refers … that three out of five titles of … Johnson were wrongly cited. … eene knows very well that a … pher must quote a title from … page and not from the spine, … t he must quote it accurately. … calls an abbreviation was most … a citation from memory. The … quoted were so far from the general standard of accuracy that I thought them worth mentioning.

(2) There was no "assigned space".

(3) The introductory survey in the bibliography spoke not of "some 'Victorian readers'", as Mr. Greene now rephrases it, but of "Victorian readers" *tout court*. I thought this too sweeping, and typical of the blustering generalizations of the introductory survey, so I offered some important exceptions.

(4) Mr. Greene does not make the point about Johnson, Wordsworth and daffodils less foolish by restating it in different terms. "News of a poem 'On a Daffodil'" is not a "new image of external nature". Why should Wordsworth have said anything? Mr. Greene may be impressed by the fact that both Johnson and Wordsworth wrote about daffodils, but it seems pretty trivial to me.

(5) In case any readers are misled by the implications of Mr. Greene's confident details about Johnson's finances I ought to note that in 1756 (one year after the publication of the *Dictionary*), and again in 1758, Johnson was imprisoned for debt.

(6) What is ultimately offensive about the preface in the Clifford-Greene bibliography is the assumption—it is still continued by Mr. Greene's letter, with its details of the rigours of a scholar's life in the United States—that the work involved in the compilation of a bibliography was somehow of the same kind (though to a lesser degree) as Johnson's labours on the *Dictionary*. "In this work, when it shall be found that much is omitted, let it not be forgotten that much likewise is performed", Messrs. Clifford and Greene write in their preface, defending themselves against "captious critics" as Johnson had done, and quoting his words. Their bibliography is the fruit of continued, if limited and mechanical, diligence, and for this I gave it credit. Johnson's *Dictionary* demanded more: the sustained application of a sensitive and creative intelligence.

Lloyd George

Sir,—Your reviewer is right to praise the outstanding essay on the Coalition Liberals in *Lloyd George: Twelve Essays* (April 30). But he is mistaken in attributing it to Dr. Kenneth McDonald, the author of another contribution to the volume. The essay on "Lloyd George's Stage Army" was written by my colleague Dr. Kenneth O. Morgan.

CAMERON HAZLEHURST.
The Queen's College, Oxford.

Boswell and Tytler on Lord Kames

Sir,—Volume 15 of *Private Papers of James Boswell* (printed by W. E. Rudge for Ralph H. Isham, 1932) contains, among other things, Boswell's "Materials for writing the Life of Lord Kames". In an introductory Note to these materials, the editor, Frederick A. Pottle, writes on pp. 262-3 of the use made of Boswell's manuscript by A. F. Tytler (Lord Woodhouselee) in his *Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Lord Kames*. The first edition of that book, published in 1807, contains no mention of Boswell's materials. Professor Pottle says of the second edition, published in 1814:

> It starts off with his old Preface, unchanged. There is no mention of an accession of new materials, nor is anything from Boswell incorporated in the text. But the reader now finds himself confronted with six new and mysterious footnotes labelled "Mr. Boswell's MS".

Professor Pottle then shows that some of the alleged quotations from Boswell are in fact ponderous paraphrases.

Dr. Helen Whitcomb Randall, on page 2 of her monograph, *The Critical Theory of Lord Kames* (Smith College Studies in Modern Languages, XXII, 1-4, "1944, as of 1940-41"), conjectured that Tytler himself may not have been responsible for adding "the curiously garbled quotations from the *Boswell Papers*, which first appeared in the second edition of 1814", because Tytler died in January, 1813.

Professor Pottle and Dr. Randall are mistaken in supposing that the added notes from Boswell's materials first appeared in the second edition of Tytler's book in 1814. Tytler published a Supplement to the first edition in 1809, and said in the prefatory "Advertisement" that the purpose of the separate publication was to allow the Supplement, with its additions and corrections, to "be bound up with the quarto volumes" of the first edition. It is so bound in the copy of the first edition possessed by Reading University Library. The "Advertisement" concludes:

> The Manuscript Memoirs of the late Reverend Dr Alexander Carlyle, and some MS. collections made by the late James Boswell, Esq; (who at one time was preparing materials for a Life of Lord Kames), have furnished the greater part of the additional literary anecdotes contained in the following sheets. To the Executors and Trustees of those two Gentlemen, who with great liberality communicated those interesting Papers, the Author owes his best thanks.

Most of the Supplement then consists of added notes with instructions, as to a printer, to insert the notes at the bottom of the appropriate pages.

No doubt Dr. Randall's conjecture is right to this extent, that if Tytler had still been alive when the second edition of his book was printed, he would have included the acknowledgement of the "Advertisement" as well as the notes themselves.

D. D. RAPHAEL.
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Yanoáma and Trio

Sir,—Your reviewer of three books on South American Indians ends his article (April 23) with the question: "Why do they [the Trio] coexist so peaceably with each other in these jungles without any of the fierce *machismo* of the Yanoáma away to the west?"

Your reviewer suggests that we have as yet no answer to this question, and while he may be right there certainly exists a strong clue to it. It may well be a demographic problem. The Trio are (or, perhaps *were* would be more accurate) declining in numbers; the Yanoáma appear to be increasing in numbers and they are certainly expanding territorially. Furthermore, there is evidence internal to the Yanoáma which supports this conclusion. The American anthropologist, Napoleon Chagnon (in published material other than that referred to by your reviewer) has indicated that the Yanoáma behave in the warlike fashion described only in the centre of their territory—where population pressure is highest. On the periphery of their territory, where there is more room for manoeuvre, the Yanoáma appear to behave in a far more restrained manner and their socio-political organization to be similar to that found among the Trio.

I hesitate to offer this as a definite solution only because Mr. Chagnon himself has consistently claimed that Yanoáma warfare cannot be explained by pressure on land. However, it seems to me that his own evidence belies his claim.

P. G. RIVIÈRE.
Faculty of Archaeology and Anthropology, Downing Street, Cambridge.

Karl Marx

Sir,—In your front-page article "The Laws of Disorder" (March 19) your reviewer claims that in my book on *The Social and Political Thought of Karl Marx* no mention is made of Marx's 1850 *Address of the Central Committee of the Communist League*. Your reviewer must have overlooked pages 196-197 of my book, where the *Address* is discussed in some detail.

SHLOMO AVINERI.
The Hebrew University of Jerusalem, Israel.

Graffiti

Sir,—Your reviewer's account (April 30) of *Cartier-Bresson's France* was sympathetic and informative, but it gave one a slight jolt to read: "a graffiti on the wall behind reads . . .".

> Recently in Tahiti
> A survey of graffiti
> Found only one graffito
> Alluding to Marshal Tito.

I suppose it's the media that is leading us astray.

ALASTAIR K. ROSS.
7 Woodberry Way, London N12 0HE.

The statistics of evolution

… MAYR: … s, Species, and Evolution. … bridgment of "Animal Species … Evolution". … Harvard University Press … : Oxford University Press.

… been said that a truly great … carries within it the seeds of … will supersede it. This does … that when published it was … fact or erroneous in principle and needed to be replaced; … contrary it means that its … were so well and truly … to provide guide-lines for its extension, expansion, and re… , by means of fruitful re… numerous directions which … itself inspired. On this show… Darwin's *Origin of Species* and … 's *Researches on Plant-* … were truly great works. … are as indispensable to the … to read today as when they … published (when Lord Snow … that "No scientist, or student … need ever read an orig… of the past"—*TLS*, July … he does not know how … he is) even if scientific … has advanced beyond them. … progress is recent, for until Sir … Fisher published his *Geneti… Theory of Natural Selection* in … scientists who attacked the … of evolution and genetics … stood and misinterpreted … all the principles involved … they started from too … a base. Evolutionary biol… for its profitable study, requires … in a dozen subjects: … population-genetics, mole… taxonomy, morphol… and biogeography, in… immunology, ecol… embryology, physiology, in … statistics, failing any one … it is impossible to acquire … picture of evolution as … to contribute to it. … has suffered from one more of its own qualities, for it was written in such good English, without technical terms, that a man who had never worked in laboratory or field, like Samuel Butler, could imagine himself competent to criticize and revile it. A dogma-ridden mystic, like Teilhard de Chardin, could honestly deceive himself into thinking that he had a valid contribution to make, and also dupe his reader into thinking the same. Even that armchair sage Herbert Spencer did nothing but a disservice when he coined the tautological and futile expression "survival of the fittest" to mean natural selection.

There are still some of these optimists about. One of their favourite targets is the conclusion that natural selection can be creative, for they still think of it in terms of ninepins, and do not realize that the production and improvement of advantageous variants, at the genetic level which is the operative one, are the positive result of natural selection. *Pons asinorum novus*. As Ernst Mayr amusingly points out, a sculptor works by destroying and discarding chips of marble, but is nonetheless creative.

Sir Julian Huxley was certainly right in saying that Ernst Mayr's 800-page *Animal Species and Evolution*, published eight years ago was the most important study of evolution since the *Origin of Species*. The author has now placed the general reader and the student in his debt with this abridged edition, *Populations, Species and Evolution*, much of it rewritten, and provided with a useful glossary. No excuse now, for Bernard Shaws, Aragons, or other optimists, theologians and Marxists, to attack evolution by natural selection of heritable variations, with words without knowledge; for the modern synthetic theory of evolution, here set forth with admirable clarity, is to such an extent consistent with the facts that its fundamental correctness can hardly be doubted.

Without any knowledge of heritable variation, except that it exists, and with a dumb sagacity that causes wonder, Darwin broke new ground in explaining evolution on a two-principle basis: first, heritable variation which is a matter of unpredictable chance, and secondly, natural selection which is rigorously determined by conditions internal and external to the organism. There is plenty here for the layman, and for those who think that they have ingested "a decent amount of science", to learn if they wish to avoid refighting the battles of last century.

Misled by its switch-like action, geneticists used to think that each gene controlled "its" character. They know better now, for there is no exclusive one-to-one relation between any gene and any character. What is inherited is an integrated and co-adapted gene-complex, on which is built the developmental system of the organism. It used to be thought that the target of natural selection was a gene; it is really the whole organism, a phenotype such as the interaction between the inherited genotype and the environment has made it. Furthermore, a surviving organism is a compromise between selection-pressures working in different directions, the resultant of which is a statistically determined product. No longer can genetics be regarded as "scientific calvinism", or natural selection as an all-or-none phenomenon.

Like Darwin, Ernst Mayr has as his main target that fundamental unit the species, and he has been foremost in showing that the *real* species is the whole living interbreeding population, and not that misleading abstraction, a "type", mounted in a museum. There are implications of this major revolution in biological thought which will upset some philosophers, for it is now quite clear that the fact of evolution and the mechanism of its cause are incompatible with Plato's and Aristotle's concept of "ideas" and "essences".

The species that presents the most problems is the human. The most rapid case of evolution known is that of the human brain which has trebled its volume in the million years that separate australopithecines from men. A combination of selection-pressures must have been responsible for this astonishing result, including the faculties necessary for communication and speech, memory, social organization for hunting big game, and polygamy which gives individuals with outstanding qualities of leadership the greatest probability of contributing most to the gene-pool of the next generation: a definition of "fitness".

The brain is equally astonishing because for the last quarter of a million years, it has not increased in size at all. If it was so advantageous an adaptation before, why this abrupt stop? All that can be suggested is that the reproductive advantage of the outstanding individual vanishes when the population reaches a great number, and when monogamy is introduced, for under such conditions, reproductive success will tend not to be correlated with genetic superiority, and the selection-pressures which produced the increase in size of the brain will cease to be operative.

This is but one example of the new problems that the study of evolution has uncovered. Ernst Mayr gives several more; how important in evolution are random events, or hybridization, or the flow of genes between different populations, or polymorphism? What proportion of mutations are advantageous from the start? How can "fitness" be most meaningfully measured? It will dawn profitably on the reader that evolution has become a statistical subject. No one could wish for a better introduction to it than Ernst Mayr's book, and no man less than he will doubt that in ten years he will have to write it again, for it will have stimulated so much research.

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Wallwog of Carloway

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Probably not. Zardin, who made a dramatic appearance at the Kennel Club show of 1907, was described then as "the finest oriental greyhound ever to be seen in England". He called on Queen Alexandra at Buckingham Palace, and has served as a model for all subsequent Afghan hounds*.

According to Kennel Club requirements Afghans should look "dignified and aloof with a certain fierceness". The aforementioned, all champions, would have managed that together with the required smooth and springy gait, strength, dignity, speed and power.

Alas, increased popularity has brought some indifferent specimens — lolloping hearthrugs with suspect back legs and failing eyesight. It's all to do with "wanton and indiscriminate breeding for financial gain", according to the expert. Yet another case, it seems, of more meaning worse.

Taurus

*The Afghan Hound, by Charles Harrisson, Popular Dogs £2.00

As men, and as research workers

ROBERT BORGER and FRANK CIOFFI (Editors) :
Explanation in the Behavioural Sciences
520pp. Cambridge University Press. £5

This collection of essays, comments and rebuttals is very useful as a guide to the present battle-lines in debates about the applicability of "scientific" methods to the study of man. This was the editors' intention; and because they have largely succeeded, it is possible to use certain stylistic features of the collection as evidence for a related set of problems, no less interesting than those discussed.

First, there is the device of "confrontation", which works rather better than one might have expected. In the main essays, the style is appropriately magisterial; in the comments, it is critical, mainly of content but occasionally of person as well; and then in the reply the man himself is displayed – occasionally hurt, sometimes cross, and always under scrutiny whether he will make good use of his last words. The device succeeds best when the parties to the dialogue are not so close as to be exchanging compliments, nor so far apart as to be at cross-purposes. There are enough instances here of fruitful, if heated exchange for the set of replies to make a good introduction to a reading of the book.

Then there is the term "behavioural sciences". This seems to include "the philosophy of mind and action", as well as psychology, sociology, and cultural anthropology. The exclusion of (animal) ethology would indicate that the behaviour is that of humans only; even the Skinnerian debate recognizes that the goal is the understanding of human rather than feline behaviour. Yet the large and rapidly growing fields organized around the quantification of behaviour, from classical economics to decision-theory, receive only incidental mentions. The list, and the conception underlying it, seem rather old-fashioned. It is possible that the editors could not find paired critics and defenders in these fields; there seems to have been some difficulty in sociology, and in history. It might well be that there are few candidates for the defence against Rapoport in decision-theory, and against Morgenstern and Galbraith in economics. The well-known methodological angst of psychology, might then be seen as not a purely negative symptom; although it may sometimes be best not to know too much about the obscurities of one's scholarly system, it is also possible to know too little.

The editors confess their difficulties in organizing their materials around the concept of "explanation". This, too, is a somewhat rusty tool, a relic from the days when the basis of an understanding of science seemed to lie in the analysis of the accepted goals "prediction and explanation". In the years since the conception of this volume, the philosophy of science has moved on rapidly, and it now breathes with some of the life of genuine research. It is now easier to see that "explanation" lies between the two poles of ontology and research strategy; and debates on "explanation" are largely about these two fundamental points. There is no necessary relation between them; for instance, a man can believe fervently that there is a unique indefinable essence of man, and still devote his life and talents to assimilating humanity as much as possible to the interpreted behaviour of the rat.

One can only say that such a contradiction between belief and commitment is difficult to control, and is more unlikely to occur in the case of a scientist of great talent and originality. Thus, the debates about explanation in particular sciences reduce frequently at the end to conflicts of faith in the philosophy of man (or what the Germans call *Anthropologie*); and it is noticeable how many of the replies in the present series conclude with the drawing of a blank cheque on the possible future successes of a favoured research strategy.

The collection opens with a professionals' expert debate between Stephen Toulmin and R. S. Peters. Professor Toulmin introduces Townes's paradox, that some day scientists may wish to *take credit* for the intellectual feat in the following discovery: "That strictly causal brain-mechanisms underlie all rational thought-processes — *including* the scientific discovery that strictly causal brain-mechanisms underlie all rational thought-processes." A single paradox which combines self-reference with the problem of personal freedom and responsibility, in the context of the mobilizing myth of contemporary neurophysiology, seems to offer a lot of fun in the unpacking. Professor Toulmin refrains from a direct attack, but provides a list of "reasons and causes" of actions; and their adequacy and relevance are politely contested by Professor Peters.

Of the remaining essays, six of the eleven are about psychology. Charles Taylor debates with Borger on purposive behaviour; N. S. Sutherland with O. H. Grundy on the brain as a physical system; D. W. Hamlyn with A. J. Watson on conditioning and behaviour; R. A. Boakes and M. S. Halliday with K. H. Pribram on Skinnerism; H. J. Eysenck with D. Bannister on personality; Cioffi with B. A. Farrell on Freud. When the philosopher leads off, it is usually on the line that one *cannot* reduce the ... the psychologist on the ... argues that (with all app... methodological sophisticati... are doing it now and can ... essential barrier to further pro...

In the odds and ends, John ... kins has an extended surve... "Rationality principle"; ... attacks the deep problem of ... riography, of explaining fail... mistakes. Peter Blau brave... icizes G. C. Homans's argu... any supposedly "sociologic... iable is in fact one describi... gate behaviour of individu... courage turns out to be ... enough. Peter Winch and ... Jarvie plunge in the very ... waters of cross-cultural desc... and explanation; John W... combines an analytical stu... "group properties" with a c... tary on the English malaise ... Chomsky offers an excellent ... of the empirical discoveries ... tactical patterns hitherto ... ined by grammarians in the ... Alexandrian traditions; Max ... queries the connexion of all th... philosophy.

Challenging the empiricists

ERROL E. HARRIS :
Hypothesis and Perception
395pp. Allen and Unwin. £5.

Errol Harris has set himself three tasks: to demonstrate that both the Humean and the modern empiricist philosophy of science, as found for example in R. B. Braithwaite's classical *Scientific Explanation*, are incoherent; to show that a careful analysis of certain crucial phases in the development of Western thought suggests an altogether different view; and lastly to expound this new philosophy. He is most successful in the historical part of *Hypothesis and Perception*, where his case-histories clearly illustrate the relevance of the history of science to its philosophy. He is much less successful in the rest of the book. The reason for this comparative failure lies in serious misunderstandings which he wrongly attributes to his empiricist opponents and which often seem to be his own rather than theirs.

Thus according to Professor Harris empiricist philosophers are committed to the view that "logical (and mathematical) truth" is "purely analytic and tautological" and that "all deductive reasoning is similar". This view is indeed a mixture of triviality, error and confusion. If, with most of the empiricists whom Professor Harris criticizes, one defines logical truth as validity in elementary logic, then every logical truth is by definition analytic. Yet it is utterly wrong and unjustified to accuse, say, Braithwaite of erroneously assuming that Peano's or Euclid's axioms are tautological, or of confusedly assimilating mathematical truth to deductive reasoning. It is hardly less astonishing to read Professor Harris's statement that the empiricist theory of induction, which presumably covers Braithwaite's views on the subject, is "based on" what Professor Harris calls "the gambler's fallacy" and describes as concluding "from a long sequence of similar chance events that the probability of the next event's being similar is greater (that the chance of the fourth six is more than 1/6)".

Professor Harris's explanation of his own position, though containing some interesting remarks and suggestions, is disappointingly vague. The reason is, once again, his misunderstanding of the empiricist philosophy of science with which he contrasts his own. He rejects Hume's account of science as "a texture of belief without a shred of logical cogency," and as "founded upon the peculiar character ... human mind". Yet he too ... that the cogency of science ... based on deduction, that is, th... not logical in Hume's sense; ... that it is founded upon the pe... character of the human mi... described by F. Bartlett and ... empirical psychologists. He ... to Braithwaite's alleged view ... scientific theory is "a de... system" in the sense of ... "merely a series of sentences ... by transformation rules". ... opposes to it his own view ... is a system of facts organized ... principle" or, "strictly, speak... that the "theory is the organ... principle, and the facts it ... constitute its domain or prov... Yet Braithwaite does not co... deductive theory merely as ... terpreted formal system, but ... an interpreted system con... both observation statements ... theoretical statements, whose ... tion is to "organize the facts".

It is a pity that Professor ... did not choose to explain his po... by comparing it more closely ... that of Husserl, Heidegger and ... philosophers with whom he ... some affinity. By showing a ... understanding of the ideas of ... he might have done justice ... own.

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Challenging the calculus

I. GRATTAN-GUINNESS :
The Development of the Foundations of Mathematical Analysis from Euler to Riemann
186pp. M.I.T. Press. £4.65.

The growth of modern mathematics, at least up to the early part of this century, has largely focused on the development of the calculus. Originated concurrently and independently by Newton and Leibnitz some three centuries ago, it led at once to spectacular applications in the field of the physical sciences. Its somewhat uncritical use continued for much of the seventeenth century, but then certain logical difficulties began to make themselves felt.

Such was the power of this new branch of mathematics that the objections raised at first attracted little attention, but their effect was cumulative and some of the most eminent mathematicians of the time began to devote their efforts to a reappraisal of the foundations upon which calculus was built. So was born the subject of classical analysis and it is with the development of analysis that this book is concerned.

The six chapters follow the historical development, concentrating on the central issues of the time—infinitesimals, limits, convergence, Fourier series and so forth. The problems which led mathematicians to consider these topics are themselves discussed at length: for example, the problem of the vibrating string and d'Alembert's famous general solution of the ensuing wave equation.

The subject of analysis is associated in most mathematicians' minds with rigorous logical argument: a surprising and interesting feature of the book is its revelation of how often the great mathematicians of the past were anything but rigorous in their first faltering steps at placing calculus upon a sound basis. Perhaps this is the most valuable aspect of the book: the whole edifice of modern mathematical analysis—so sound, so impregnable, so beautifully logical—took the finest mathematicians of the time two centuries to develop into its present form and a modern student might well gain heart by realizing this.

The book sets out the subject matter clearly and well. It is by no means a textbook on analysis, rather it is meant to be read in conjunction with such a book. It contains a very full bibliography and is indexed both by name and subject. The degree of background knowledge required for a thorough appr... of the contents is quite sub... it is not a book for the ma... cal layman, but an under... studying mathematics should ... a most useful supplement ... reading list—if he can affo...

Locked up

RICHARD I. AARON :
John Locke
383pp. Clarendon Press : Oxford University Press. £3.

First published in 1937, a ... edition appeared in 1955 ... Aaron has made a number ... changes in this second editi... the most substantial being ... account of Draft C of the ... (*TLS*, January 14, 1955).

The most substantial ... in the third edition of ... Aaron's well-known and ... useful study is an appe... recent interpreters of ... political thought. Students ... this valuable both for its ... graphical information and ... sound sense.

Virtuoso of the German Enlightenment

WOLFGANG LEPPMANN :
Winckelmann
... Gollancz. £3.

... should be the qualities of the ... grapher of Winckelmann? He ... certainly be an eighteenth-... historian familiar with the ... of classical scholarship, and ... all of classical art history and ... ology. He would require tact ... some intellectual penetration. ... a biography would be long, ... and sinuous, like the best of ... literary biographies; it is ... possible that one day it will ... written, since the letters of ... Winckelmann and his contemporaries are very rich; and his own ..., for all their inflated sentiments, are an important and even a ... evidence for the history of ... in the eighteenth century. ...kelmann was a virtuoso of the ... Enlightenment, and particularly of ... German Enlightenment, which ... hardly be understood except in ... of the shifting and swift rising ... classes superimposed on ... retarded provincial society. ...kelmann was essentially a pro... climber who moved into the ... world more by virtue of taste ... of learning, although he was a ... taking scholar. The succession ... from the insecurity of a ... and poverty-stricken theo... student to the security of a ...master, the comparative free... of a research secretary, and ... the intoxicating air of high ... society, is a success-story of ... kind. The importance of ...kelmann's contribution to the ... of taste was in most respects, a matter of timing, but it was also a victory of prose style: taste again.

The present biography is far too light. Wolfgang Leppmann inspires no confidence that he has much grasp of the history of scholarship, and there is evidence that he knows neither Latin nor Greek competently. There is even a suggestion that he knows little about archaeology; but perhaps this is unfair, since the statement that Winckelmann was "the father of archaeology as we know it" may as reasonably be put down to a slapdash and rhetorical manner—as may the still more extraordinary suggestion that, if asked about the history of art, "the man in the street will quote Winckelmann".

Mr. Leppmann's treatment of Winckelmann is frankly sensational. There is a heavy emphasis on his homosexuality, which for all the evidence we are offered may have been largely or even wholly sentimental and idealistic. The skeletal facts of Winckelmann's life are padded out with massive excursions into more general popular history. There is little understanding of what was going on outside Germany and the Vatican. For example, it is not true that the stature of Homer in the 1740s had been steadily diminishing since the days of Scaliger. Mr. Leppmann should not have forgotten Vico, whose contribution to eighteenth-century understanding of the classics, particularly of Homer, was quite as important as Winckelmann's. It is typical of the lightness of Mr. Leppmann's treatment of scholarly subjects that we are told that Winckelmann compiled as a student his own anthology of Greek authors, yet we are not told which authors it contained; again we are told that he walked from Berlin to Hamburg to buy books, but we are not told what books he bought.

It would be ungrateful not to admit that there are grains of substance in this book, and that almost any biography of Winckelmann is welcome, the last one in English being the famous essay by Walter Pater, which Mr. Leppmann does not seem to have heard of. It emerges that Winckelmann was a mercurial schoolboy, that his grounding as a classical scholar was dubious, and that he read extremely widely. We hear of his devouring Otway and Pope and Butler's *Hudibras* when he was a young man, and his own persona as a writer was that of an elegant and discerning man of the world; we know that he hated German schoolmasters. His father was an epileptic and he himself when he was in Germany suffered from nightsweats, severe stomach trouble, fainting fits, and neurotic anxiety. He changed his religion in order to be acceptable among the senior officials at the Vatican; he waited until his father had died before taking such a step, and by this time he had probably already become a freethinker (there is a story about him reading Homer in church). He came to love Rome and to feel at home there, in its natural surroundings as well as in its libraries and monuments, and of course in the princely palaces where he was entertained and in the moral underworld of intrigues by which he lived.

But he did not cease to be a German, and rather a curmudgeonly one; there is a sympathetic admission in a letter that he used to sing old Lutheran hymns every morning while he was making his breakfast in the palace of Cardinal Albani. He seems to have learnt a lot by association with artists, from Oeser at Dresden to Mengs at Rome, and to have been drawn into what became his consuming passion for ancient art history by the study of coins and gems. But if this is so he made the transition from miniature to monumental sculpture far more easily than many of his later contemporaries: he was at least a good enough art critic not to have made the same mistakes in undervaluing the Elgin marbles, had he ever seen them, as were made by Richard Payne Knight.

Winckelmann's art criticism is too heavily based on personal empathy to be easily readable or digestible today, but it is full of good remarks, and even when he is obviously wrong he is often constructive. It was Winckelmann who first said that "the only way for us to become great, and if possible, inimitable, lies in the imitation of the Greeks". He insisted on a moral and historical dimension in art criticism which is not so far away from Vico; his great history of ancient art set a standard which lasted rightly or wrongly for many years, and it must be remembered that he had seen very little original Greek sculpture, and had no technique to distinguish Roman copies. When he did for the only time in his life visit a Greek archaeological site, the newly discovered temples at Paestum, he was full of enthusiasm for their beauty and great antiquity. He wrote also about Agrigento, which he never visited, and he did for some time try to find himself a patron to visit Greece, not so original an undertaking in the eighteenth century as it may perhaps sound, but far more unusual a journey in the 1760s than it was to become before 1800. He even attempted to finance an excavation at Olympia; had it taken place he must have inevitably discovered the pediment sculptures and reliefs of the temple of Zeus.

The attraction for Winckelmann of Olympia was no doubt its association with Greek athletics, about which he wrote lyrically, and no doubt also its descriptions by Pausanias and Pliny. It could be said indeed that Winckelmann's originality was in his being the first to express the mixture of moral passion and frank salivation with which naked Greek athletes in a petrified state have affected European intellectuals since the Renaissance. It is curious that he lived too early to understand that some of the finest Greek athletic art was on vase painting, and that what he lumped together and dismissed as Etruscan included almost all the original Greek works of art available to Western archaeologists in his lifetime. It is almost equally ironical that, living as he did a generation before the birth of the first truly great German scholars, he believed there was no original work left to be done in classical literature.

Rome's western capital

EDITH MARY WIGHTMAN :
Roman Trier and the Treveri
... Hart-Davis. £4.

...time or another most British ... of the archaeology of the ... world find themselves faced ... uncomfortable choice: Rome ...? On the one hand lies ... Mediterranean, with its in... wealth of material ..., a wealth which has inevit... tended to load the scales in ... of an art-historical and, in ... of present-day archaeological ... and methods, often rather ... approach. In Britain, on ... other hand, the very excellence ... fine tradition of systematic ... work can all too easily lead to ... concentration on the trivia of local ... life at the expense of ... wider vision which is ... fundamental to any true understanding of the Roman world. Happily ... is a substantial and growing ... of overlap and mutual comprehension. In many Mediterranean ... a new generation of local ... can be seen diligently ... the potsherds from their ..., *modo Britannico*; ... a discreet interest in the wider ... of classical archaeology is ... permissible to even the most ... of Roman Britons. The ... is a promising one and things ... moving towards it. But there is ... long way to go.

... particularly fortunate there... that the late Professor Ian ...mond, a scholar who was ... in both fields, should have ... Roman Trier to one of his ... students as the subject for ... doctoral thesis; and doubly ... that the student in question ... now an associate professor ... McMaster University, Ontario, ... have proved such an apt ... Trier has a foot in both ... It enters history as the tribal ... of the Treveri, one of the ... tribes encountered by ... and known to us very ... from ... the archaeological ... leaves ... the classi... ... of the capital ... the late Roman world.

In between lies one of those success stories that are so characteristic of the Roman Empire. The site had been wisely chosen. Situated at a crossing of the Moselle in the centre of a region rich in natural resources, it also commanded the natural lines of communication between northern Gaul and the Rhineland. Its growth was rapid and assured. The Germanic incursions of the third century were a temporary set-back; but, with the re-establishment of Roman authority, Trier was an obvious choice for the administrative capital of the western quarter of the reconstituted Empire. This position it retained for about a century. For a time it was the residence of Constantine and his family and again, later in the fourth century, of Valentinian and Gratian, and as an imperial court it was also inevitably a centre of letters and the arts. Ausonius, Symmachus, Athanasius, Lactantius, St. Jerome, St. Ambrose, St. Gregory of Tours: the list of its one-time residents or visitors is an impressive roster of the talent which graced this Indian summer of literary classicism in the West.

The monuments of the city itself will be familiar to many—the Roman bridge, the grandiose city gate, the two great bath-buildings, the fourth-century warehouses, the still upstanding imperial audience hall, the remains of the Constantinian double cathedral, the fine paintings and mosaics. Together these constitute the most remarkable complex of Roman remains north of the Alps, and Dr. Wightman has done them full justice. The three chapters that follow—on the institutions and buildings of the countryside, on its daily life and economy, and on the evidence for pagan and Christian religion in both town and country—cover less familiar ground. This is the core of the book and it is here that the author has a chance to show her real quality. There is a wealth of archaeological evidence, a great deal of which will be known only to specialists: many fine villas, including one (at Konz) that was probably an imperial residence and several others (the remarkable country residence near Wittlich, for example, with its gently concave façade, or the three-storeyed, fourth-century fortress at Pfalzel) which deserve a place in any history of Roman domestic architecture; innumerable smaller farms; the remains of a number of small rural townships; several outstanding pagan sanctuaries, among them the extraordinary complex of Altbachtal at Trier itself; a number of cemeteries; mines, quarries, potteries, a probable glass works, even a coin-forger's atelier.

This is the raw material of the archaeologist, and to it the series of fine sculptured reliefs add a welcome extra dimension: a ship laden with barrels of wine, a traveller in a light, two-wheeled cart, a group of tenants paying rent, a mechanical harvester at work, various aspects of the vintage, a school room, the lady of the house at her toilet. These are very real people going about their daily business. The inscriptions, too, are a rich and varied source of information, telling us much about aspects of life upon which the archaeological evidence is silent, or at best equivocal.

With so much evidence available, it would have been very easy to lose the main lines of the story in a mass of subsidiary detail. Fortunately, though Dr. Wightman handles the archaeological material skilfully and with sympathy, she is by disposition and training first and foremost an historian. The detail is all there, but never at the expense of the overall historical picture. She writes well and she presents her story with the deceptive simplicity that springs from good organization. The long, classified bibliography is a valuable work of reference in its own right, and the maps and illustrations are both informative and attractively presented. The publishers have risen to the occasion and produced a book that is a pleasure to handle and, for what it contains, very reasonably priced. This is a work of distinction, and the author's promised volume on Gallia Belgica, in the "Provinces of the Roman Empire" series, will be eagerly awaited.

Turkey's treasures

JAMES MELLAART :
Excavations at Hacilar
Vol. 1: Text. 249pp.
Vol. 2: Plates and Figures. 525pp.
Edinburgh University Press for the British Institute of Archaeology at Ankara. £20 the set.

Between the two world wars a picture was built up of the origins of civilization in the Near East which showed hunters camping in the great river valleys—the Nile, Tigris, Euphrates, and Indus—where animals coming to water provided an easy prey. From this, it seemed, it was only a short step to domestication, and then to the cultivation of plants with the help of irrigation, two activities which laid the foundations for settled life with pottery, weaving, metallurgy, writing, and cities. The great river valleys then formed centres from which the growing complexities of material culture radiated like ripples on a pool. In the later interwar years, and to a greater extent since the Second World War, modifications in this picture became necessary in the light of discoveries in the upland areas skirting the Mesopotamian plain, which suggested that it was there, in an area of natural rainfall, that plant cultivation and animal domestication originated, and that settlement in the river valleys came at a later stage. For some time the search for further evidence on this question was mainly concentrated on the slopes of the Lebanon, Amanus, Taurus, and Zagros mountains which adjoin the area long ago named the "fertile crescent" by James Henry Breasted.

It came as a surprise, therefore, when in 1957 James Mellaart began to unearth painted pottery and female figurines of a hitherto unknown type, associated with a substantial fortified settlement of mud brick buildings, apparently of early date, at a place called Hacilar near Burdur in south-west Turkey. Four years of continued excavations confirmed the unusualness of the site, and the radiocarbon technique of dating confirmed its early date. *Excavations at Hacilar* offers the final, definitive report on these excavations. It describes and illustrates two main phases of settlement, one, *c.* 7000 B.C., with rudimentary architecture and a few implements of flint, polished stone, and bone, but no pottery, and then, after a gap of about a millennium, another, the main period, from *c.* 5750-5000 B.C., after which the site was abandoned.

Subsequent excavations by Mr. Mellaart at Çatal Hüyük in south-central Turkey have produced still earlier remains, which virtually fill in the gap between the two settlements at Hacilar. The Çatal Hüyük discoveries have somewhat overshadowed Hacilar, but, as Mr. Mellaart says in his concluding remarks, the Hacilar people "made some of the finest pottery ever produced in the Near East", and "the quality of their little clay statues surpasses that of any other Near Eastern site of this remote period". These are all illustrated in these volumes, their positions in nine main successive levels of buildings fully recorded, and the successions and modifications of types thus well established.

These two volumes will be valuable not only to the archaeologist who will wish to consider the integration of the material into the total picture of ancient civilization, but also to those interested in art. Since the closing of the excavations there has been, as Mr. Mellaart says, "a tragic aftermath, for one of the richest sources of information, the cemetery, has been subjected to systematic plundering", and a considerable number of "Hacilar" antiquities have come on to the art market. There is no doubt that many of these are modern forgeries; so, from the point of view of art authentication, it is useful to have now a fully illustrated account (including six colour plates) of all the unimpeachably genuine examples.

The presentation of the material is excellent, though the clarity of the layout is marred by the failure to allow spaces above shoulder headings, which are consequently difficult to pick out; some of the plate photographs are of rather inferior quality; and the absence of an index is a distinct disadvantage.

isappointed visionary of a liberal future

EL:
ncer: The Evolution of a

emann. £3.50.

ond half of the nineteenth Herbert Spencer produced a of volumes and essays provide mankind with a scientific morality. As this must necessarily omprehensive system of After a long eclipse, latter-gists and historians of e over the past decade some of these neglected m their dusty shelf. As 1966-1967 Zeller re-issued edition in twenty-one Reprints and selections n 1961, 1967, 1969 and until now it was true that, J. D. Y. Peel, "there has full attempt to place Spencer n times or in the history of y at all".

hen we see Spencer in terms stereotypes of his successors actors, and there is a luxuri-thology about what he is d to have thought and His works are too long and, most part, too tedious for any ale revival to be likely. But d for a new authoritative d placing in context of his endent, and Mr. Peel has one which will be difficult e on. The real Spencer may re easy to accept than the cers so frequently and demolished, but he is interesting.

s study is remarkable be-mbines in it a number of He writes with authority history of Spencer's kground, on the cross-nineteenth-century e philosophical status hies, on his former and ificance as a sociolo-ed the way in which interpenetrate e book its special value. only solute with a cer- the good habits of hip and succinct ex- make the book a plea-sure to read in spite of its somewhat charmless subject.

At the age of seventeen, Spencer was employed as an engineer by the London and Birmingham Railway—his "only direct experience of industrial life". His first work of note was a series of letters on "The Proper Sphere of Government" published in *The Nonconformist*. In 1848 he moved to London to become sub-editor of *The Economist*. From then on he lived in London and took part in its intellectual life, but his formation had been in the provinces and in their radical dissenting culture: on the one side Wesley, on the other Erasmus Darwin and the Lunar Society. Spencer was heir to an "anti-political" radicalism in which middle-class and working-class interests had not yet separated. Spencer's editor on *The Economist* was Thomas Hodgskin, admired by Marx for his *Labour Defended against the Claims of Capital*. Hodgskin's views provided an immediate background to Spencer's first book, *Social Statics*, intended, to quote Mr. Peel, "as a decisive vindication of the ideals of the middle-class radicals". The ethical arguments of *Social Statics* are, Mr. Peel finds, "massively influenced by Calvin" and Calvinism, in a secularized and liberalized form, can thus, he thinks, be shown to have shaped the origins of sociology itself.

Between *Social Statics* in 1850 and *The Study of Sociology* in 1873, Spencer was occupied in building the "evolutionary edifice within which the sociology rests", an edifice which (as J. W. Burrow demonstrated in *Evolution and Society*) owed nothing to Charles Darwin, though Darwin found it "admirable". In his essay "A Theory of Population" (1852), Spencer argued that, in both animal and human populations, pressure of numbers

> has been the proximate cause of progress. . . It forced men into the social state; made social organization inevitable; and has developed the social sentiments. . . . It is daily pressing us into closer contact and more mutually dependent relationships.

As Mr. Peel well puts it, this is "a Godwinian revenge on Malthus, Malthus turned on his head: from being the great obstacle to human perfection, the principle of population becomes its prerequisite and guarantee".

Although in this essay Spencer coined the phrase "survival of the fittest", it is misleading to equate his philosophy with crude Social Darwinism and the inevitable "struggle of man against man". Spencer was deeply opposed to colonial wars and to class conflict. "Struggle", he thought, might have been appropriate in the earlier, "militant" phase of social evolution, but civilization consisted in moving away from this phase. In his first optimistic mood, Spencer was confident that such a movement was taking place, but after 1880 he became increasingly disillusioned until, by 1898, shocked by the American annexation of the Philippines, he wrote in a letter that "the white savages of Europe are over-running the dark savages everywhere. . . . There is a bad time coming; and civilized mankind will morally be uncivilized before civilization can again advance".

The most sociologically valid and interesting part of Spencer's work is his treatment of the process of differentiation in human societies—a concept deriving from Adam Smith's division of labour, and taken over from Spencer in Durkheim's *The Division of Labour in Society*. It is through Durkheim rather than directly from Spencer that this concept has reassumed a central importance in writings on social change by modern sociologists, notably Neil Smelser. To Spencer also is due the language of "function" and "structure" which has dominated sociology and social anthropology for the past thirty years. The functional analysis in Spencer's *The Principles of Sociology* is indeed, as Mr. Peel says, "of an entirely modern kind. It is all the more surprising that latter-day functionalists should have supposed . . . that they were rebelling against Spencer".

It has been Spencer's fate, as Mr. Peel abundantly illustrates, to have been misrepresented on almost every possible issue. Partly this is his own fault—his formulations were at times evasive or ambiguous. But mainly it is because, after his heyday of influence in the 1860s, a reaction set in which led to almost complete neglect in the present century. Mr. Peel's penultimate chapter is called "History's Revenge". Spencer himself, he says, in his later years was desperately aware of phenomena emerging that were contrary to his ideals:

> the growth of a professional civil service . . . , compulsory primary education, the halting beginnings of a welfare state . . . . the revival of working-class militancy . . . , imperial preference, accelerated acquisition of colonies, rearmament, jingoism.

These trends all ran counter to Spencer's vision of the future based on laissez-faire liberalism. In this changed context his ideas came to seem irrelevant. The founding fathers of "classical" sociology—Weber, Durkheim and Pareto—taking over in the 1890s where Spencer left off, were themselves disappointed liberals, taking stock of forces and problems which were to dominate the twentieth century and which gave the concept of "social evolution" a hollow-seeming ring.

"After Spencer's dethronement", writes Mr. Peel in his last chapter, "it must have seemed most improbable that social evolution could be revived". Yet as he shows, in the 1960s, a hundred years after Spencer's *First Principles*, evolutionary ideas have once more become prominent in sociology, largely because of the search for an intellectual framework to encompass the development and industrialization of the Third World. Mr. Peel has already published an incisive critique of this trend in the journal *Sociology*. In concluding the present work, he opens up, rather than attempts to solve, some dilemmas of thought and method associated with it. He ends by saying that what we can learn from a study of Spencer today is that "theories are the product of particular purposes and a particular subject matter". We have inherited, obliquely, a great deal from Spencer, but his main interest now lies not in his content, which is outdated, but in the difference of his aims from ours.

soft stuff

CHOFIELD:
e of Pot
Paperback, 30p.

trained in experimen- and has a good deal rience in the social been particularly drug-taking among and is a member of the Advisory Committee on Significantly, he Wootton Sub-Com- produced the controver- years ago.

about cannabis? Mr. Schofield, the surprisingly not know for is addictive the consen- dependence rather than that there to increase the tolerance—and not apparently lead symptoms. Nor do know whether use of the scale is liable to produce or mental ill-effects directly to it. Although there at present to be little evi- of any such effects, it must be mind that the same was for with regard to tobacco. for research on these and related issues is clearly indi- though, as Mr. Schofield this is rendered difficult present state of the law. In research is badly needed the so-called "escalation to which a whole chapter In the words of a pam- by the United States Nar- theory states that "the smoking of the marijuana cigarette is a dangerous first step on the road that usually leads to enslavement by heroin". Such a view has been repeatedly expressed and has given very serious concern to many who might otherwise see little objection to the legalization of cannabis.

Mr. Schofield reviews such evidence as exists on this issue, which is admittedly far from satisfactory. In particular, he points out that the admirable work of Professor W. D. M. Paton, at Oxford, is based on statistical assumptions which by no means everyone would accept. Until more is reliably known about the chances of such "escalation" among users of cannabis, it is tempting to agree with the opinion expressed in the Wootton report that "the risk of progression to heroin from cannabis is not a reason for retaining control of the drug".

As a sociologist, Mr. Schofield places great emphasis upon the social and psychological implications of cannabis (which in one form or another has had an important social role in a wide variety of cultures) and discusses it in the setting of contemporary "youth culture" and the generation problem. As he rightly points out, immature attitudes towards the use of drugs are by no means confined to the young and are no more irrational than "the strange mixture of repulsion, fascination and bigotry" which this practice is apt to arouse in the minds of their seniors. His book will help many people, both young and less young, to understand better the issues involved and to make possible the growth of further inquiry, both medical and sociological, without which no real basis for legislative change can be established.

Trade unions in Italy

SEYFARTH, SHAW, FAIRWEATHER and GERALDSON:
Labor Relations and the Law in Italy and the United States
464pp. Ann Arbor. University of Michigan. $15.

One of the least productive lines of argument on the new Industrial Relations Bill is to compare its provisions with labour laws in other countries. Yet both sides do it. Those in favour of the Bill claim that almost every other country has a framework of law under which collective agreements are regarded as binding contracts. Thus strikes in breach of agreed procedures render the strikers or their unions liable to legal action. Opponents of the Bill claim equally that it is based on American law but that United States experience proves beyond all reasonable doubt that this kind of legal framework does not stop strikes. The United States consistently loses more time through strikes and lock-outs per thousand man-days of employment than the United Kingdom.

The reason why this kind of international legal comparison yields so little is that industrial relations depend on much more than the law. The real significance of labour law in any one particular country can be assessed only against a much broader social background. How, for example, does the law work? This is at least as important as what it says. How strong are the unions, individual employers and employers' associations? Hence, were the existing labour laws introduced to encourage collective bargaining or to deal with abuses of power? Are the labour laws subject to overriding constitutional guarantees about the right to organize and the right to strike? And, finally, does the trade union movement see its task in terms of the economic and occupational needs of its members, or does it owe a stronger ideological commitment to a particular political view or religion?

Just how careful the commentator has to be in drawing conclusions from international comparisons in labour law is brought out in *Labor Relations and the Law in Italy and the United States*. This book is one of a series initiated by eight U.S.-based companies with extensive foreign interests. They sought to resolve some of the complexities of international management by sponsoring studies of labour law and industrial relations in European countries.

In Italy there are three main trade-union national centres. The largest has close ties with the Communist Party and the left-wing socialists; the second largest has affinity with the Catholic church; and the third with the more right-wing social democrats. The 1948 Italian Constitution explicitly prohibits any state interference, whether by legislative or administrative action, in the internal affairs or activities of unions. The only obligation that can be placed upon a union is to register. Once registered, unions acquire a legal status and are empowered to enter into negotiations and to conclude agreements. The terms of these agreements may become obligatory minimum standards for an entire industry. The right to strike is upheld by the Constitution and it appears doubtful whether this right can be qualified even by the terms of a procedure agreement.

The very strong emphasis of Italian laws against state interference in trade union affairs reflects the desire to avoid a repetition of the experience of fascism when trade unions became an arm of the corporate state. Similarly, the right to strike is strongly upheld. "No strike" clauses in agreements are of doubtful legality because they infringe a constitutional right, but strikes to be lawful must be intended to further *economic* interests. The courts have considerably narrowed the proscription against political strikes by deciding that a strike in pursuit of economic objectives is lawful even if directed against the government. There is no prohibition in Italian law against so-called secondary boycotts or sympathy strikes.

Italy has a good record of economic growth. She also has a high strike record. Measured in man-days lost through labour disputes per thousand workers, Italy's record is far worse than that of Britain. Nor are Italy's strikes prolonged affairs on the United States pattern at the end of long-term contracts.

Italian collective bargaining knows very little of the closed shop or exclusive bargaining unit. This is not because Italian trade unionists are more tolerant of non-unionists than trade unionists elsewhere. It is simply that Italian unions of different political or religious affinities have had to learn to live together in the same bargaining areas. If exclusive bargaining rights were to be conferred on unions with majority support, the main beneficiaries would be the CGIL unions whose leadership is largely in communist hands. Government and employers have, therefore, been sympathetic to the maintenance of Italy's multi-union structure.

The *Italian Constitution* provides for the setting-up of labour-management councils through which employees are supposed to share certain consultative and operational functions with management. The employees' representatives on these councils are elected on separate panels by salaried and hourly paid employees on the basis of proportional representation. These elections provide a periodic measure of the support enjoyed by the different unions. A union may command a majority of votes even though its paid-up membership in the establishment is relatively small. In practice, the distinction between the functioning of the employees' representatives on these councils and of the unions' plant organizations is often difficult to determine or discern. The employees' representatives help to settle individual and collective agreements and it is their job to ensure that the collective agreements negotiated by the unions are properly applied.

Italy does not favour arbitration for the settlement of industrial disputes. Neither disputes about procedure nor disputes of conflicting interests are subject to any form of binding arbitration. The ultimate responsibility for settling disputes rests with employees and unions, though the Government has the right to mediate and conciliate if it so chooses. The one exceptional area where arbitration exists is in relation to dismissals. Industrial employees whose term of employment is for an indefinite period cannot be dismissed except for just cause. Any dispute about a dismissal can be referred to a magistrate, who may order reinstatement or payment of damages.

The conclusion to emerge from all the carefully documented evidence presented in this book is broadly that very little guidance can be drawn for British industrial relations. Both Italy and the United States lose proportionately much more time from industrial disputes than does Britain. But the circumstances could hardly be more dissimilar. In shaping its framework of law for industrial relations Britain has to look to its own history, its own problems and its own solutions.

From vibrations to emotions

TERENCE McLAUGHLIN:
Music and Communication
112pp. Faber and Faber. £1.50.

In a recent article on the meaning of music (*TLS*, November 20, 1970) Anthony Storr said that he would "not be surprised if future generations were able to explain the effect of great music upon us in terms of physiology". Terence McLaughlin's book is a first step in this direction. It does not exactly present "a new theory of musical communication", as the blurb claims, but it does bring the ideas of such theorists as Deryck Cooke and Frank Howes into an illuminating juxtaposition with some recent neurophysiological information about what happens in the nervous system between the physical act of hearing a sound and its appreciation as music.

Because the sound patterns which are the raw material of music do not refer to the non-musical world of objects, ideas and human desires, there are some who claim that music does not communicate anything. They regard music as a purely abstract art and enjoyment of it as an intellectual appreciation of its form and structure. Mr. McLaughlin accepts the more commonly held view that music does express human experience. He believes "that it is possible to present a coherent, if not complete, theory of the mechanism by which the experiences are communicated, and what kind of experiences they are".

In a chapter strongly indebted to Deryck Cooke, the author approaches the problem by analysing the elements of music in order to try to decide what the brain could make of them. As the notes in a piece of music alter, relationships of pitch and duration are set up between them which may be divided, using Hindemith's phraseology, into "tensions", those which are less pleasant to the ear, and "resolutions", those which are more pleasant. In music these harmonic and melodic tensions and resolutions construct a pattern, and the question becomes how such a pattern in time, created by the vibration of sound waves in the air, can have significance. Mr. McLaughlin claims that modern neurophysiology offers the beginnings of an explanation.

In the ear, sounds become vibrations in the cochlea, but from this point on they are no longer represented by a physical movement, but by electrical impulses within the brain. During the past forty years the *electro-encephalograph* has made possible the electronic magnification of these minute electrical impulses, and so led to great advances in our knowledge of its mechanics. This experimental evidence, as discussed for instance in Dr. Grey Walter's *The Living Brain*, indicates that the brain processes information coming from all the senses in terms of a common code of electrical pulses. These pulses are used for all the brain's operations, and it is able to interpret them as sight or sound or taste only because it knows the route by which they have come from the sense organs. Grey Walter illustrates this vividly by a hypothetical situation in which the "tasting" of vinegar could, if the nerves get crossed, lead to "hearing" a loud and startling noise instead. This is the mechanical basis of hallucination.

Much more widespread is the phenomenon of synaesthesia, in which the sense impressions overlap; for, like most universal codes, that of the brain may suffer from ambiguity. Many people "see" colours or patterns when music is heard, and many composers have associated colours with specific keys. Mr. McLaughlin argues that synaesthetic associations are of great importance in the development and interpretation of metaphor and symbol. He suggests that, in the case of music, where the incoming signal does not describe objects in the external world, it is likely that the brain will turn up a number of equivalent patterns from other sense modes. While the notes themselves may have little to say to us, the electrical patterns into which they are translated in the brain may be compared and identified with other patterns from other sources.

There is nothing new in the basic idea for, as the author points out, it was stated more than twenty years ago by Frank Howes:

> Any competent musician can design patterns of tone, but it is only the true composer who can say something with them, and he does so by an alchemy of the mind, the fundamental nature of which would seem to be a kind of analogy. By virtue of some recondite likeness between two kinds of experience in two different sensory media, a relationship is established.

What is new is the attempt to back this up with scientific evidence, though until more is known about the formation of pathways and interconnexions between the various elements of the nervous system this must remain in many respects a hypothesis. Serious objections could be raised against some of Mr. McLaughlin's ideas by those who do not already incline to some such theory on musical grounds.

This is also true of his next stage, in which he speculates on the nature of the experience which music expresses by attempting to analyse some of the patterns which could be the subjects of such analogical workings in the brain. He suggests that the patterns of our deepest emotions, which are strongly connected with bodily experiences, follow the same paths in the brain however the emotions are aroused. This means that grief, happiness, and love would all have characteristic patterns whatever the external situation which causes them.

Thus, Mr. McLaughlin's theory is that musical patterns in the brain are analogues of intellectual, emotional, and bodily ones. Because music is wholly "pattern", without extraneous associations, it communicates directly with every level of consciousness and unconsciousness, so that the listener is made simultaneously aware of all these activities in a synthesis or fusion. The idea is that the particular method by which the brain operates lends itself to a synthesis, blending, or identification of the patterns from different sources, so that there is a [illegible] anism for music to be[illegible] Suzanne Langer's phrase, "[illegible] logue of emotive life". It is [illegible] thesis which constitutes the [illegible] experience, and the power [illegible] ultimately depends on the [illegible] different levels at which it [illegible] cously communicates. The [illegible] the music, the better it [illegible] integrates all the levels of [illegible]

This theory of artistic [illegible] cation on many levels [illegible] been suggested by other [illegible] music and poetry, [illegible] McLaughlin discusses the [illegible] ground between his [illegible] Arthur Koestler's bisoci[illegible] Jung's individuation. It is [illegible] virtue of his book that in [illegible] an extremely difficult and [illegible] cated subject he has read [illegible] brought information and [illegible] a great many sources together [illegible] thought-provoking synthesis [illegible] own—though, of course, [illegible] far from final.

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Concrete mixer

PIERRE SCHAEFFER:
Machines à communiquer
Volume 1: Genèse des simulacres.
315pp. Paris: Le Seuil. 30fr.

Pierre Schaeffer is widely known both in France and elsewhere as the pioneer of *musique concrète*. His research was undertaken from the first under the auspices of the Service de la Recherche of the O.R.T.F., and he has now begun to elaborate a full-scale theory of mass communications, of which *Genèse des simulacres* promises to be the first instalment. His aim at this early stage, he states, is to raise the curiosity of his public rather than to satisfy it. He is reserving for a second volume the more fundamental problems of the "phenomenology" of communication. *Genèse des simulacres* is in essence a series of methodological propositions, amply supported by reprinted material from his earlier writings, which allows us to retrace the course of his involvement with the mass media.

It is important to make a distinction from the start between Schaeffer's musical achievement and his role as a commentator on mass communications. He writes energetically and well in support of his own work, and the stages of his progress which are recorded here, from about 1949 onwards, have their place in the history of postwar music. It is, though, difficult not to have some sympathy with the very hostile remarks by Maurice Lemaitre and Pierre Boulez, which are magnanimously included in the reprinted material. *Musique concrète* has indeed, as Lemaitre intimates, received from the official status of the O.R.T.F. rather more publicity than it merited. Even in England it came as near to being a household word as the title of any other experimental direction in the arts, with the result that "concrete poetry" has had to struggle to disclaim the *damnosa hereditas*. From the point of view of aesthetic theory Boulez is surely right in attacking as a fundamental weakness in *musique concrète* that "absence de dirigisme dans la détermination de la matière sonore" which gives rise to "une anarchie préjudiciable à la composition".

In his discussion of the field of mass communications, Schaeffer succeeds in putting many of his points effectively and succinctly. His choice of the term "simulacre" for the images of cinema, radio, television and photography is adequately explained, although he might have considered the use of exactly the same term by Michel Foucault to refer to modern literature and drama. He is also illuminating, though not perhaps entirely original, when he writes of the crucial differences between the cinema, on the one hand, and radio and television on the other: "Le ciné[illegible] dire: 'j'y étais'. La radio [illegible] suis'. L'indicatif présent est [illegible] qui lui appartient en propre."

It can hardly be said that [illegible] fer has here adequately sta[illegible] theory of mass communica[illegible] even prepared a suitable [illegible] logy. One of the unsati[illegible] aspects of the book is Scha[illegible] curiously ambivalent atti[illegible] McLuhan (whose name he [illegible] tently misspells). The discus[illegible] McLuhan in "L'arroseur [illegible] (1969) is disconcertingly [illegible] and Schaeffer's blithe asser[illegible] "l'écriture n'est que la tra[illegible] du langage, lequel est [illegible] ment une chose parlé[illegible] scarcely serve in the way in [illegible] he intends it, as a *structuralist* [illegible] to ward off "le défi américain[illegible]

It is, however, in his insiste[illegible] the peculiarly American cha[illegible] McLuhan's vision that Sc[illegible] comes closest to defining [illegible] distinctive purpose. In France [illegible] Europe in general, he sugge[illegible] emphasis of mass communica[illegible] not so much on "le transi[illegible] communication" as on "la [illegible] sion des moyens de production [illegible]

> Pour les gens simples mais [illegible] que sont les Américains, il n'y a [illegible] préalable à la production, [illegible] monopole des moyens, [illegible] nature même du message. Tout [illegible] est mis sur la relation avec [illegible] Pour les Européens, retors et [illegible] liqués, il y a à la fois ruse et [illegible]

Schaeffer assumes the ma[illegible] Tocqueville, just as he echo[illegible] Valéry in celebrating "qu[illegible] pays a su préserver miraculeu[illegible] cet équilibre impossible de la [illegible] et du nombre". Perhaps [illegible] murmurings from the Old W[illegible] enough to rouse our curiosi[illegible] to make us look forward [illegible] measure of interest to Sch[illegible] more substantial reflections.

The appearance of yet ano[illegible] vised edition of Rosemary [illegible] critical biography of *Hay[illegible]* Dent. £1.50) is testimony [illegible] things: the interest and co[illegible] value of her book, and the [illegible] research which has been do[illegible] Haydn in the past quarter of [illegible] tury. This "Master Mus[illegible] *Haydn* first appeared in 19[illegible] projects were then underta[illegible] finish the still uncompleted Co[illegible] Edition of the works, H. C. R[illegible] Landon began his research[illegible] Eastern Europe, and van Ho[illegible] worked on his catalogue.

In the second revised edi[illegible] 1962 Miss Hughes added a [illegible] on Haydn's operas. In this [illegible] further revised edition there [illegible] such substantial addition, but [illegible] are addenda to the list of wo[illegible] to the bibliography. As Miss H[illegible] says, "the book cannot be [illegible] rewritten" and it does not [illegible] be, at any rate in the biogra[illegible] section.

Lobbying for Richard

[illegible]MARY HAWLEY JARMAN:
[illegible] Speak No Treason
[illegible] Collins. £2.10.

[illegible]ERT FARRINGTON:
[illegible] Killing of Richard the Third
[illegible] Chatto and Windus. £1.80.

[illegible] enigmatic Plantagenet, Richard [illegible] will continue to provide material [illegible] historical novelists until, if ever, [illegible] problems of his character and [illegible] are solved. Mrs. Jarman has [illegible] a most impressive novel for [illegible] Richard lobby. There are [illegible] narrators, the maiden who [illegible] Richard's illegitimate daughter [illegible], a court fool who enter[illegible] Edward IV and Richard, and [illegible] who was a friend of the [illegible] and followed Richard, [illegible] doubtfully, from Norfolk to [illegible] after Bosworth. The inter[illegible] of the three lives and their [illegible] of Richard shows [illegible] technical skill. The writer's [illegible] is full of enthusiasm and [illegible], mildly archaic and only [illegible] jars by over-use of [illegible] words which make the [illegible] stop and think ("We clashed [illegible]"). Perhaps the younger [illegible] are the most successful. [illegible] maiden in particular is more [illegible] at the beginning of her [illegible], as a nun, although old in [illegible] she still seems to think like [illegible] girl. [illegible] historical background is very good indeed. Every major source has been used to add verisimilitude to the tale, and the facts and the details are introduced with such lightness of touch that they drop into place almost unnoticed. How many people, even living in York itself, have noticed the original of the fool's devil built into a house in Stonegate?

We Speak No Treason is undoubtedly a partisan book. Mrs. Jarman is too good a historian to suppress the facts unfavourable to her hero Richard, but she sidesteps them or alters their emphasis. For instance, Richard's first crime was probably his part in the killing of Henry VI: but this is dealt with so neatly that the uninformed would not know a crime had even been committed. His first illegal act as Protector was the summary execution of Hastings, but Mrs. Jarman misleads one into thinking (without actually saying so) that he was given a regular trial. Or consider the best-known charge against Richard: Mrs. Jarman does not accuse anyone of the murder of the Princes in the Tower. She shows that rumours of their disappearance existed in London in 1483 (evidence unfavourable to Richard) and suggests that they were hidden at Barnard Castle (unlikely but possible). The possible fate of the Princes is contained in the order Richard gives to Sir Edward Brampton to take them to Frau Warbecque in Tournai if the king is defeated at Bosworth. Mrs. Jarman does not say Brampton did so, or that Warbeck was the true son of Edward IV. Nevertheless it will be remembered that Perkin Warbeck did confess in 1498 that he had been brought up in the household of Brampton: and Mrs. Jarman's ingenious synthesis leaves all the possibilities open.

In *The Killing of Richard the Third* the story is told by the fictitious character Henry Morane, clerk to John Kendall, Richard's secretary. Morane is a fifteenth-century James Bond, crashing from one exciting adventure to another, and managing to string along his fierce mistress without marrying her for many pages. It seems unlikely that a royal clerk would be such a thug.

In the matter of Richard's reputation Robert Farrington steers a middle course: he imputes some crimes to Richard but Buckingham is his real villain. The historical background is on the whole accurate (although the Brittany episode and Urswick's part in it did not take quite the course shown here). Unfortunately many of the facts are introduced by that most primitive device of characters telling each other things they both know already. There is little depth of historical background to the facts except in the description of London. Good adventure but the history surrounds it uneasily.

[illegible]rime in brief

[illegible]LAS CLARK:
[illegible] Death
[illegible] Cassell. £1.25.

[illegible] one is reasonably sure [illegible] about pretty diabetic [illegible] in Gloucester, and also, [illegible] aspects, how. But one can [illegible] this clever and new bit [illegible] detection by Masters and [illegible] two of them hitting it off [illegible] rather better than usual.

[illegible] CORY:
[illegible]
[illegible] Hodder and Stoughton.

[illegible] Cory for sufficient length, but [illegible] same. In other ways he's [illegible] overdoing it. They're only [illegible], when all's said and done, [illegible] high-level emotions, intro[illegible] and vision become burden[illegible] to the way to the acceptable [illegible] which is, as always, a good [illegible] Fedora toughie, still set in [illegible] the Last Round and Final [illegible] with rogue Feramontov, and [illegible] or other saved for what [illegible] people might call civilization.

[illegible] FERRARS:
[illegible] and Afraid
[illegible] Collins. £1.25.

[illegible] village murder, with pretty [illegible] nice young man surely [illegible] and the possible moral that [illegible] in even creative [illegible] doesn't do.

[illegible] GARVE:
[illegible] Bill Smith
[illegible] Collins. £1.25.

[illegible] Garve's high spot here is a [illegible] suggestion of a possible rea[illegible] looking carefully into pro[illegible] Anglo-Russian exchanges of [illegible] spies. Apart from this, it's [illegible] book, unshapely and much [illegible]—the type is child-reading

[illegible] HOBSON:
[illegible] Graces
[illegible] Constable. £1.25.

[illegible] Hobson intercuts a pair of [illegible] frightened young lovers with [illegible] decayed, horrible old [illegible] and conveys their untouch[illegible] of mind and body as feelingly to us as to dapper Inspector Basil, who has the distasteful task of finding out how one of them died. The atmosphere is so thoroughly macabre as to overshadow the detection: let's see what Polly Hobson does next time.

P. M. HUBBARD:
High Tide
192pp. Macmillan. £1.40.

Mr. Hubbard's latest, like his last, suggests that he may be bowing out of our column. "A Novel of Suspense" is the book's description, and so it is, and thrilling enough, with narrator-killer (but sympathetic to animal lovers) just out of jail and rehabilitating nicely when caught up with. But for this column the plot behind the suspense needs more than to be casually dropped in when one really cannot do without an explanation any longer, and the emotional yearnings that leave our hero finally bereft (except in the eyes of animal lovers) are disproportionate to our needs. We shall be sorry to lose Mr. Hubbard, but presently he is not entirely with us.

EDMUND McGIRR:
No Better Fiend
160pp. Gollancz. £1.40.

Piron, star operator of a Pinkerton-type U.S. organization, was engaging from his first appearance in his homeland. Now for a book or two settled in our country, he has gained in rumbustious jollity, while his master's mastery of lower-class English-English has improved; it used to be, as you might say, funny. This latest crime in a rural nest of popular encyclopedists is not difficult to solve, but its underplayed episodes are a pleasure to work through.

MARGARET MILLAR:
Beyond This Point are Monsters
213pp. Gollancz. £1.60.

Miss Millar has not given us a detective novel for six years; her best remembered is probably *The Best Must Die*. This new one is a passable novel, set on the Californian-Mexican frontier, where, the year before, a young woman's husband has disappeared from his farm. Now she comes to the courts to ask leave to presume his death, and we enter into the tragedies that this loss, and the earlier ones, have caused and are still causing, the best explored being the effect on the mother, surrendering to obsessive fantasy. But as investigative revelation the story is ungripping, the probable solutions hardly engaging our sympathies or interest.

DERMOT O'CONNOR:
The Eye of the Eagle
183pp. John Long. £1.25.

A pleasant, tough thriller about a spot of industrial spying, with wine and women in Italy, and its growth into precarious political jimjams; good suspense but over-brusque ending, and this in a book that by degenerating modern standards can count as quite long.

MADELEINE POLLAND:
Package to Spain
183pp. Hutchinson. £1.50.

This first detective story has the now all-too-likely setting of the Torremolinos coast, but makes a good and unusual story of it, in which a sordid couple travelling, terrorized, with illicit goods, engage our reluctant sympathy as they do that of the attractive lovers whose first tentative advances are marred by the circumambient crookery.

RUTH RENDELL:
One Across, Two Down
191pp. Hutchinson. £1.50.

The realistic, depressing, suburban crime in which we follow the inadequate criminal to his self-created destruction is Ruth Rendell's choice for her latest, and in her hands, of course, almost good enough to tempt those who prefer escape to reality. But the criminal's obsession with crossword clues turns out to be a clever indulgence of the author's rather than germane—which could be, but isn't, relevant she-Teuton.

R. J. WHITE:
A Second-Hand Tomb
221pp. Macmillan. £1.40.

Another of this author's cheerful and racy stories with a background of historical research, this time into past and present uses of the eponymous receptacle. But not all the members of the historical coach tour really justify the trouble of inventing them.

Over-loaded

JAMES JONES:
The Merry Month of May
351pp. Collins. £2.

The action of James Jones's new novel takes place in Paris during the events of May, 1968, and revolves round a bunch of American expatriates. Narrating is Jack Hartley, a failed writer and long-standing friend of the Gallagher family whose head Harry is a very successful screenwriter with interesting, if infrequently satisfied, sexual proclivities. Harry's son, Hill (*sic*), is a student at the Sorbonne – an active member of the revolution and more than a little contemptuous of his father's lukewarm liberalism; his role in the novel, it seems, is to demonstrate that when love appears at the barricade, idealism tends to lose its mettle. Unfortunately for Hill, the object of his redirected fervour black, cynical and coolly uncommitted Samantha Everton is a girl of many parts, eager to supply some of his father's more esoteric needs while making a play for his mother into the bargain.

When he's not busy saving a marriage or attempting to cement relationships between father and son, Jack Hartley is taking us on a tour of Paris – the most exclusive restaurants (where, naturally, he is known by name), the classiest apartments, the barricades, the Sorbonne, the Odéon. His narrative is tricked out with some decidedly tired examples of the writer's stock-in-trade, the most noticeable of which are the tiny repetitive tautologies in the form of ready descriptive alternatives: "their demand, their drive", "diminishing, impeding", "Eleanor was wealthy: rich"; but given these occasional annoyances, the problem lies not in deciding why the book is irritating, but in discovering why it irritates quite so much. After a while, though, things begin to come clear.

Just about everyone in the novel is wealthy: rich; indeed Hartley remarks, self-disparagingly, that he and his wife spent the entire nine years of their marriage using the same Manhattan apartment (unlike the cosmopolitan life most of us are accustomed to) and the lushness of Harry's pad at the "chic downriver tip of the Quai de Bourbon" is carefully savoured. We get a list of Harry's (and Jack's) friends: Mary McCarthy, Romain Gary, William Styron, Irwin Shaw; we are taken round Harry's vast study with its antique desk, IBM typewriter, Louis Treize armchairs, aqualung tanks, skis, and "famous pornography collection".

The picture becomes complete at about the point where Hartley launches into a lengthy description of Harry's unique bar: made from a wooden Renaissance pulpit, it was preached over by James Baldwin and drove Buñuel to attack its owner with a sword, and now provokes Hartley to small ecstasies of delight as, from time to time, he pauses to cry: "Ah, that bar." We realize, then, that Mr. Jones's purpose is to take us out of ourselves: to dazzle us a little, maybe, with his larger-than-life characters. Like the stars concocted by Hollywood in its heyday, his people are inaccessible, enviable, calculatedly dramatic. The students' revolution is no more than a vehicle for their gutsy human dramas, while the reader's role is that of the 1950s movie-goer: envy, marvel, admire. The condescension is stunning.

Demurely catastrophic

J. I. M. STEWART:
Avery's Mission
222pp. Gollancz. £1.50.

En route to Italy, Charles Bannerman, ex-headmaster of a minor public school, encounters a former pupil, Avery Brenton, who is on his way to join the father he barely remembers for reasons he barely understands. There follows a subtle account of clandestine motives and hidden truths brought into the light with a nice concern for gradual revelation and dramatic logic.

Through Bannerman's precise, euphuistic narrative, we begin to see how Avery's mother has wished on him the role of mediator between herself and her divorced husband—an art historian whose sole companion is an urbane, potentially brilliant and rather mysterious Italian youth; and in the same way, we observe Avery's slow absorption of the emotional tension he unwittingly generates as motives and truths coalesce. But perhaps the most important single factor is that the characters exist in a social and emotional milieu of demure catastrophe; where, that is, life's intermittent brutalities are usually made governable by the comfortable stringencies of good breeding. This feeling is invoked by Bannerman's narrative and by the deliberately sustained circumlocution and pointedly archaic usage afforded to each person. Those who enjoy the sort of arcane intricacies of behaviour which prompt a man merely to quicken his pace because his companion's last remark seemed "a shade idle or foolish" or which can cause a tea-party to end in well-camouflaged confusion and distaste after a series of glances misapplied or misconstrued will probably find *Avery's Mission* delightful. But, matters of taste apart, Mr. Stewart's control of action and reaction in this rarefied amosphere is undeniably fine.

Brush-off

JEAN DUTOURD:
Pluche
Translated by Robin Chancellor.
278pp. Macdonald. £2.

Pluche is an artist whose inclination to paint has temporarily deserted him. He decides to keep a journal during this period of "sterility" and is at pains, from the outset, to give us some small, modest evaluation of his work: "When I paint a picture there is nothing I cannot convey, and even with facility. Without wishing to boast, I am almost as good at it as the old masters." Later he tells us: "I am a decent sort of a fellow, unaffected and easy going."

Readers made wary by all this are not likely to be reassured when Pluche writes: "I must go and brush myself up since I have a date with Lucienne, who is a silly goose"; nor are our fears allayed when Pluche ends a chapter with: "Glory, I'm tired! Beddy-byes", or mentions that he can't help being "lovey-dovey" towards his dog—the same dog who later on has to be taken out to "wee-wee". Is the book, perhaps, a cunning and subtle portrayal of a silly braggart who unwittingly reveals his idiocies in a medium to which he is unaccustomed: a comedy, maybe, which relies for its humour on Pluche's coy and inept vocabulary and brass-bound ego? In a word, no. Pluche, whatever we are supposed to think of him, is an intolerable bore. Between accounts of family troubles (brother George is on the brink of financial ruination, sister Marie has a sinister growth) we are given long—seemingly interminable—dissertations on Life, Art and the philistinism of the Bourgeoisie, which are so dull as to be positively soporific. Readers in danger of actually nodding off might care to revive their interest by picking out examples of the translator's odd loyalty to archaic usage (blow-out, plebs, caboodle, etc.) though it's a pastime that may quickly pall.

Arnold and our need for goodness

MATTHEW ARNOLD
God and the Bible
Edited by R. H. Super.
504pp. Ann Arbor: University of Michigan Press. $15.

Matthew Arnold: Selected Prose
Edited by P. J. Keating.
480pp. Penguin. Paperback. 40p.

The seventh volume of Dr. Super's edition of Arnold's prose works is, as were its predecessors, a magnificent job of editing. No praise can be too high for his scholarly apparatus, for the perfect and line-numbered texts, the precise and exhaustive critical and explanatory notes (97 pages of them), the infinitely laborious yet necessary textual notes giving all possible variant readings, the comprehensive index. All these are of a nature to which the too often abused expression definitive can be safely applied. Despite Dr. Super's modest disclaimer "the present editor lacked the resources to follow Arnold's every footstep as he traced a path through the nineteenth-century German critics of Scripture"—there cannot be the slightest doubt that he has mastered his intractable material so successfully that this editorial task has been done once and for all.

Intractable material, we call it, perhaps a shade intemperately, for though the content of the present volume is less immediately inviting than that of some of the earlier ones in the series, it still contains a great deal of Arnold's most trenchant and characteristic writing pertaining to the period Dr. Super has now reached—the years 1871 to 1875. The chief work included is that which gives the book its title, the remarkable though now seldom studied *God and the Bible*, which began its career as a review of the objections to its predecessor, *Literature and Dogma*, but very soon grew into something much larger—a defence, no less, of Arnold's conception of Christianity as a thing not of dogma nor of metaphysics but rather the expression of man's innate need for however inadequate the word may seem goodness. The final result is a masterpiece of reasonableness and close reasoning, lit up, as is always the case with Arnold, by flashes of his icily polite yet devastating humour. For example:

> Cardinal Manning narrates the miraculous resuscitation of the Virgin Mary, and his argument for believing it is that the story is a beautiful one, and that it is a comfort and help to pious souls to think it true. Both may be freely conceded to him, but really as much may be said for the miraculous apparition of Cinderella's fairy godmother.

The rest of the volume consists of nine shorter pieces, three of them only recently discovered, two of them on religion, three on education, two on the post-1870 France, and two on Anglo-Irish matters. None of these is of great significance, though it is useful to have a fully annotated version of that curious lecture, "A Persian Passion Play", which is usually printed with the first series of *Essays in Criticism* and in which Arnold's very ingenious reflections on Mohammedanism are given an airing.

The assignment with which Mr. Keating was faced when he was commissioned to make a selection of Arnold's prose in a book of less than 500 pages was a daunting one, so it is all the more gratifying to be able to say that he has made a first-class job of it, producing not a volume of bits and scraps and purple passages but one in which the full sequence of Arnold's essential thought is traced from the prefaces of his 1853 and 1854 poems, up through his Oxford inaugural lecture, to the best of the 1865 *Essays in Criticism* and to its logical culmination in *Culture and Anarchy* and (we are especially happy to note) that volume's much undervalued sequel, *Friendship's Garland*, from which the selection is particularly full and judicious.

In addition to all this, Mr. Keating has provided an admirable introduction in which he defines with great clarity Arnold's central doctrine that men would do well to conduct their affairs by reason instead of by prejudice. "For Arnold", he observes, "education is the central issue because society does not need to be told *what* to think but *how* to think." As the years rolled by, however, the manifest unsuccess of his doctrine of sweet reasonableness to awaken any adequate response in his auditors caused Arnold's savage humour to deepen, until at last it broke forth tumultuously in the lethal pages of his so ironically styled *Friendship's Garland*. Not without reason might Leslie Stephen remark: "I often wish that I too had a little sweetness and light that I might be able to say such nasty things of my enemies."

The notes that Mr. Keating appends to his selection are accurate and adequate for a book on this scale; and as a final bonus he has given us a selection from Arnold's letters which are not at present accessible in any inexpensive edition. Here we may read of his meeting with Newman at the Duke of [...]folk's, when the "old moun[...] Lord dropped on his [...] and mumbled the Cardinal's [...] like a piece of cake. I only [...] deferential bow"; or the de[...] account of Arnold's being ha[...] before the Income Tax C[...]sioners who had assessed his [...] profits at £1,000 a year, becau[se ...] was a most distinguished [...] man, my works were [...] everywhere and must have [...] circulation". After much di[...] the assessment was cut [...] £200 and "I told them I [...] have to write more articles [...] ent my being a loser" thereby [...] last word came from the ch[...] of the assessors who blandly [...] marked: "Then the public wi[...] reason to be much obliged to [...]"

When this excellent selection [...] reprinted, it might be worth [...] that the so-called "Prefaces" [...] 1853 and 1854 *Poems* (there [...]duced from a text of 1882) ar[...] in fact, quite the same as those [...] prefaced the original editions.

Specialist Booksellers' Announcements

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Post-colonial Catholics out East

RENE LAURENTIN:
Flashes sur l'Extrême-Orient
281pp. Paris: Le Seuil. 21fr.

Flashes sur l'Extrême-Orient is strictly a book for Roman Catholics, its subject being the crisis that is facing the Roman Catholic Church in the Far East. René Laurentin made a tour of the Far East from Japan via Hongkong and Cambodia to Vietnam in the latter half of 1970. This is not, however, a superficial book, as might be expected from so rapid a visit, but a study in considerable depth of the tensions that are wracking the Roman Church in the Far East as they are everywhere else. The problems are everywhere different, but the underlying tension between a traditional, institutional, teaching, European, and "bourgeois" church on the one hand and a humble church seeking to understand and assimilate the values, traditions, and religions of the peoples among which it operates on the other.

Fr. Laurentin's sympathies are of course with the latter, but this does not blind him to the real virtues of the former, though he thinks that the whole traditional approach of the church to Asian missionary countries has been misguided. Hitherto the church has been identified with one or other of the colonial powers, and it is through their influence that it has built up its strength and wealth. Hence it is not surprising that numerically it is strongest in South Vietnam and Hongkong, weakest in Japan. In Cambodia the Catholics were largely Vietnamese, and these were reduced by massacre after Cambodia was dragged into the war much against its will.

Fr. Laurentin is not impressed by quantity, however, but by quality; and it is perhaps for this reason that more than half the book is devoted to Japan, for it is here that the most interesting experiments in adapting Catholicism to the native genius of the country are being made. The native genius is in this case Zen, and the hero of this experiment is perhaps the Jesuit, Fr. Enomiya-Lassalle, who is building up a school of Zen meditation for Roman Catholics—apparently with considerable success. This, however, is only the smallest of beginnings; but it is none the less significant despite the scepticism expressed by many Japanese. For, as they point out, Zen is actually declining in Japan and, as some scoffingly point out, it now only interests the West.

Fr. Enomiya, however, is not interested in the West: he is interested in using Zen techniques of meditation to deepen the spirituality of his own Japanese flock. For, though a German by birth, he has devoted all his life to the service of Japan and is now a Japanese national. This may be, as Fr. Laurentin suggests, the "grain of mustard-seed" from which a great tree may one day grow. But at the moment it *is* no more than a "grain of mustard-seed" even in a Catholic and Christian community which accounts for less than 1 per cent of the Japanese population.

Yet, tiny though the Christian community may be in Japan, it is none the less respected and exercises an influence quite disproportionate to its numbers. The reason for this would seem to be twofold. First, the Christian body seems still to be essentially foreign, and, secondly, the whole hierarchical and formal structure of the Roman Church with its excessive legalism does not appear to attract the Japanese. It would, however, seem that it is still the first reason that is decisive; for Japan's defeat in the war and the dismantling of the old state Shintoism that followed it left a spiritual vacuum which Christianity should surely have been able to fill. That it did not is most probably because Christianity happened to be the religion professed by the occupying power, and the vacuum was therefore filled by a proliferation of new sects inaugurated by "charismatic" personalities who sprang up from the native Shinto-Buddhist tradition.

The most successful and the most dynamic of these is the Soka Gakkai, which also happens to be the most intolerant and nationalistic—and the best organized. Alone among the religions of Japan it declined to have anything to do with Cardinal Marella, the head of the Secretariat for Non-Christians in Rome when he visited Japan last year. How is it, one wonders, that this highly organized sect has met with such astonishing success while Christianity seems to have made no impact whatever? The answer would seem to be that hitherto Christianity has been the religion associated with colonialism. Nowhere has it brought with [...] true image of Christ.

This Fr. Laurentin make[...] clear. Good and unselfish [...] there have been, but the org[...]tional forms of the church [...] always stifled the Spirit of [...] The appointment of native [...] is, no doubt, a step in the [...] direction: but what if the [...] bishops are even more Europe[...] than their European predece[...] There is no straight answer, [...] Laurentin does not pretend [...] He is content to believe th[...] end the Holy Spirit must [...] through outmoded structure[...] converge with all that is best [...] Eastern religions. He is much [...] fluenced by Teilhard de Chard[...] his second chapter ("Messe s[...] Pacifique" obviously based on [...] hard's *Messe sur le monde*) [...] shows.

This book is essential read[...] anyone interested in the de[...]ment (or lack of it) of the C[...] Church in the Far East.

The gamut of shamanism

I. M. LEWIS:
Ecstatic Religion
An Anthropological Study of Spirit Possession and Shamanism.
221pp. Penguin. Paperback, 35p.

The subtitle and the title of the first chapter ("Towards a Sociology of Ecstasy") make it quite clear what I. M. Lewis's intentions are. *Ecstatic Religion* is in fact a comparative study of shamanism, the raw material being drawn from the author's own special field (the Somalis and other Ethiopic tribes) and from the classic shamanistic territories, Siberia and the Eskimos, as well as Voodoo and some American tribes.

Professor Lewis has little patience with the common run of British social anthropologists, less with Claude Lévi-Strauss and his school who "replace" the master's "magic shibboleth, Structuralism . . . by those brasher banners, The New Ethnography, and Cognitive Anthropology". As for the British social anthropologists, "if there is one thing that unites [them] it is their fierce antagonism towards psychology and psychiatry and their complacent contempt for the psychological aspects of the social phenomena which they study". As far as his colleagues are concerned, Professor Lewis is anything but eirenic. His spirited sallies are certainly entertaining and will gratify the anti-specialist, but not, perhaps, very relevant to the general reader for whom the current *odium anthropologicum* can have little interest.

The first chapter gives the impression that the author is about to debunk the classical mysticism of the great religions and equate it with shamanistic possession. This theme, however, is not developed, and what we are in fact given is a study of the patterns discernible throughout the whole gamut of shamanistic religions. "Patterns" is probably the right word: for although Professor Lewis does divide shamanistic religions into their "peripheral" and main-line "central" and moral manifestations, he is very careful to show that these categories are by no means watertight and are liable to spill over into one another. The two are merely facets of the same phenomenon:

> main and peripheral possession cults should be seen as opposite extremes on a single continuum, rather than as completely different types of religion. . . . Marginal cults appeal to subordinates, and especially women; while those cults which stand at the centre of society and celebrate public morality generally draw their inspired leaders from more exalted strata.

This thesis is supported by a wealth of documentation.

In societies dominated by men, Professor Lewis maintains, women find compensation in demonic possession. The possession is normally subconsciously induced, but a conscious element may be present since the desired alleviation of their deprived status can be relied upon to ensue; it is, however, unwise to go too far. If the dominant male is too obviously provoked by too frequent a repetition of morbid ecstasy, the final result may be a sound beating, and this, apparently, is more often than not effective.

Professor Lewis's thesis is well presented and ingeniously argued. Moreover, it is in itself very [...]ible, and he does not exagge[...] claims. But one cannot help [...]ing whether he has cast [...] wide enough. He mentions [...]ing such contemporary "sha[...]tic" movements as Pentecos[...] and the new pagan-Christian [...] in Africa where women p[...] prominent part (and the [...] even more true in the "new" [...]ions in Japan), but says little [...] the Sufi movement within [...] where women on the whole [...] prominent. There is, of co[...] reason why he should have [...]tioned this, but, had he do[...] it might have given him pa[...]

The last chapter on [...] and psychiatry is [...] interesting—and fiercely [...] The view he attacks is that [...] are ipso facto psychotics. [...] maintains quite rightly, is [...] The genuine shaman must [...] the "dark night of the sou[l...] order to emerge victorio[...] control of his demonic [...] "control" and become a "[...] healer". The psychiatris[...] thinks, have much to lear[n ...] the shamans, not vice ve[rsa ...] they do unconsciously and [...] successfully what the psych[...] and psychoanalysts do "s[...] ally" but with greater [...] failure.

The presentation of anthro[...] cal material can be wearis[...] in this excellent book there [...] that is lively, sometimes ev[...] Not only is *Ecstatic Religion* [...] written and lucid, but it states [...] with vigour and is quite [...] jargon.

Books Received

[...] Architecture

[...] PATRICK. *York.* Photo[...] by Keith Gibson. 94pp. [...] Vista. £2.25.

[...] commemorates 1,900 years [...] in this album of photo[...] its buildings, each accom[...] Dr. Nuttgens's notes on [...] and architecture. The [...] building shown is the third- [...] Multangular Tower in the [...] gardens, the latest the high [...] and housing designs of [...] years. The pictures, in [...] progression, show [...] survivals from most of [...] centuries.

[...] BRUNILDE SISMONDO. *The [...] Style in Greek Sculpture.* [...] plus 189 plates. Princeton [...] Press. London: Oxford [...] Press. £7.25.

[...] style in Greek sculpture is [...] of the Olympia pediments [...] or more generally the [...] style of the period 480-50 [...] style which corresponds to [...] in Greek tragedy. It has [...] studied, but apart from [...] few originals and [...] number of authenticated [...] sculptures, such as terracotta [...], there is much disagree[...] the personality of artists [...] only known through Roman [...] brief notices in ancient [...] Professor Ridgway is [...] conversant with this [...] country and allows [...] combatants to have their [...], notes, or annotated bib[...]; in fact, in many places [...] have been glad if she had [...] line.

[...] this book unique and [...] value is that she treats [...] style as a continuing [...] and not as confined to [...]. Thus after discussing [...] originals, the Roman [...] the artists of the severe [...] continues with a chapter [...] "Lingering Archaic and Lin[...]", which is partly, not [...] concerned with old artists and [...] artists working on in styles [...] no longer dominant; she [...] with two chapters on the [...] in late Hellenistic and [...] times. Thus one gets a pic[...] only of what was happening [...] years after the Persian [...] the survival of the style [...], but also of adaptations in [...] age and then the be[...] of copying and particularly [...] number of copies, pastiches, [...] of the late Repub[...] in Rome. The amount [...] does not make the book [...] it is rewarding and the [...] and illustration is ex[...]

[...] and Memoirs

[...], FRANK W. *Kini: A Gift [...]* 211pp. Fomina.

[...], who is a journalist, [...] a clear sky on a Mon[...] that the only positive [...] he as a private citizen [...] to the agonizing situa[...] was to adopt an [...] child from that country. [...] wife of his decision the [...] She was already the [...] of three boys, then aged [...] and six respectively, [...] accepted the idea, not with[...] but her mind once [...] without faltering. Her [...] went to Vietnam to find an [...] child, battled through legal [...] that would have deterred [...] parents and, with his [...] succeeded in grafting an [...] undernourished Viet[...] of two on to a warm, [...] family where, clearly, [...] blooming like a spray of [...] an apple tree. [...] Mr. Chinnock's [...] deeply moving [...] that suffers a trifle more astringent in the expression of their sentiments are liable to find some aspects of its telling also deeply embarrassing should not lead them to undervalue its human worth.

MCNEILL, MARY. *Vere Foster 1819-1900.* 259pp. Newton Abbot: David and Charles. £2.75.

This interesting biography of an Irish philanthropist is published under the auspices of the Institute of Irish Studies of Queen's University, Belfast. Foster, son of a British Ambassador to Washington, started his career as a diplomat, but he became a public figure at the time of the aftermath of the Great Famine of 1845-1847, when he put forward detailed projects for the relief of the sufferers by encouraging emigration. Miss McNeill writes: "It was his constant endeavour to increase the self-respect and raise the status of the Irish emigrant." Her description of his work shows him to have been a generous and sympathetic person, and his experiences in the United States during the post-famine years are carefully chronicled. Later, he became a notable promoter of school building and ran into tiresome troubles with religious narrowness. Official reports speak of his "princely generosity" and "noble example", and an enthusiastic teacher was moved to praise him in verse:

> Your name is exalted in the Emerald Isle,
> The noble deeds you performed are spread many a mile . . .

He was, on Miss McNeill's showing, the finest type of Anglo-Irishman, and her book, based in part on Foster's papers and on contemporary records, is a useful addition to Irish social history.

Gardening

COXHEAD, ELIZABETH. *One Woman's Garden.* 140pp. Dent. £2.25.

Elizabeth Coxhead has had a life-long interest in gardening. She was a climber, too, and learnt to appreciate Alpine plants, a memory she revives annually in June in the French Alps. Inheriting an English suburban house with grounds about the size of three council house flats, with a poor Chiltern soil, flints, clay and "stones by the million" she has re-made the garden, not so much to save labour as to cut out physical effort, though she regards "someone else's muscles" as the most valuable of all tools on occasions.

With the aid of a rough plan, and black-and-white photographs, a walk round the garden comes to life and the book is full of information about sources of supply, cultivation, failures and heartbreaks as well as successes.

Hedges requiring heavy labour have been replaced, shrub walks established as well as rock banks and a mixed border which latter she considers to be a "small naturalistic garden's most important feature". She has made much use of grey-leaved plants and considers the establishment of a mixed grey edging to the border as her humble original contribution to the art of horticulture, inspired by the silvery weeds bordering Alpine cart-tracks. Lilies impart luxury and splendour here and there while plants that enjoy a warm wall at their backs encircle the house and are especially rewarding in bad weather.

History

EDWARDS, J. R. *British History 1815-1939.* 582pp. G. Bell. £3.

One of the volumes in the publisher's "Modern History" series, this carries on the historical survey of Britain beyond L. W. Cowie's *Hanoverian England*. The starting-point is the year of Waterloo which saw "England in a period of transition more rapid than had been known before", and the narrative ends with the illusive search for security which preceded the Second World War.

HARRIS, A. *Cumberland Iron.* The Story of Hodbarrow Mine 1855-1968. 122pp. Truro: D. Bradford Barton. £2.

Hodbarrow Mine lay in that interesting but rather under-visited area, south Cumberland, and in an active life of more than 100 years produced over 20 million tons of high-grade ore. In the good years, Borwick Rails, the small harbour on the Duddon estuary which served Hodbarrow, was often alive with vessels come to fetch away the famous hematite. In this model of an industrial monograph, Mr. Harris examines all aspects of the enterprise from the mining methods used to win the ore to the growth of Millom as a town.

HORSLEY, P. M. *Eighteenth-Century Newcastle.* 239pp. Newcastle upon Tyne: Oriel Press. £2.10.

The themes of these essays on old Newcastle are its former trades and professions, its painters, its poets, and some of its outstanding women, among them the learned Elizabeth Elstob. The initial essay gives a dramatic description of the fall of the ancient Tyne Bridge in the flood of 1771, in which the approach of the catastrophe is traced hour by hour, with flashbacks to earlier events in the history of the bridge. The story is skilfully and imaginatively told.

MANNING, ELFRIDA. *Saxon Farnham.* 36pp. Chichester: Phillimore for the Farnham Museum Society. Paperback, 50p.

This study of the early history and prehistory of the Surrey town and its neighbourhood goes rather beyond its title, for it is concerned with the traces of Iron Age and Roman occupation hardly less than with the Saxons. It dwells on the evidence of old tracks, artifacts, oral traditions and place-names, and both for its careful scholarship and attractive style it is an essay of exceptional quality.

WHITWELL, J. B. *Roman Lincolnshire.* 155pp. Lincoln: Lincolnshire Local History Society. £2.

Scholarship is combined with a readable style designed to attract the non-specialist in this description of Roman Lincolnshire, which is part of a new history of the county planned to take the place of the *Victoria County History*, of which only one volume was published. Mr. Whitwell, who is Keeper of Antiquities at Leicester Museum, devotes a long chapter to an account of the legionary fortress at Lincoln before proceeding to describe the archaeological evidences for the Roman settlements, trade and communications, throughout the area. There are folding maps of the city and the county in the Roman period.

Mathematics

GARDNER, MARTIN. *Further Mathematical Diversions.* 255pp. Allen and Unwin. £1.75.

This further collection of Martin Gardner's puzzles and diversions needs little introduction. Like its predecessors, the book consists of a selection of his contributions to *The Scientific American* over the past decade. The Paradox of the Unexpected Hanging, A Matchbox Learning Machine, Curves of Constant Width—the initiated will know what is in store for them. For those still unfamiliar with Mr. Gardner's works, the book can be very highly recommended; mathematical knowledge is not a prerequisite for enjoyment, only the ability to respond to an intellectual challenge.

Philately

Stanley Gibbons Postage Stamp Catalogue. Section 10: *Austria, Hungary 1971.* 152pp. Section 11: *Portugal 1971.* 130pp. Section 12: *Spain 1971.* 128pp. Stanley Gibbons. Paperback, 80p each.

These further parts of the Gibbons catalogue advance the breaking down of the obsolescent Part Two (Europe and Colonies), publication of which has ceased. As with the first nine, these new sections provide the opportunity for major revision of the lists, especially in the strictly chronological arrangement of all issues irrespective of the nature of the stamps. Thus, "officials", newspaper stamps, postage dues, charity and air mail stamps are all together although retaining their prefixes such as "O", "N", "P", "C" and "A" where these applied in the old Part Two.

In the section on Spain, the regional and local issues of the Civil War period are listed for the first time, so far as these are known to have been authorized and put to public use. Thematic collectors will find the design index for each of the Austrian and Hungarian lists an advantage.

Pricing is in decimal currency for the first time and the implementation of the minimum 5p for even the most common stamps is mitigated to some extent by the inclusion of prices for sets, these being substantially lower than the total of single stamp prices where a set includes several cheap stamps.

Religion

AUTTON, NORMAN (Editor). *From Fear to Faith.* Studies of Suffering and Wholeness. 86pp. S.P.C.K. Paperback 90p.

In 1969 the Hospital Chaplaincies Council of the Church of England's General Synod held a conference on ministry to the sick, the dying, and the bereaved. The conference was attended by doctors, surgeons, psychiatrists, psychoanalysts, hospital chaplains, philosophers, and theologians. A selection of the papers presented to this audience is now published under the editorship of the organizer of the conference. The little book will be of great use to any who must minister to those who were being discussed, for it includes admirable brief papers by such experts as Dr. Lishman of the Institute of Psychiatry at London, Dr. Hinton of Middlesex Hospital, Dr. Parkes of the Tavistock Institute, dealing with such topics as the psychology of pain, of the dying, and of bereavement. There is also a moving lecture by Archbishop Anthony Bloom on "the theology of suffering" and a discussion of forgiveness in the New Testament and in Christian theology by Professor Moule of Cambridge. Perhaps the outstanding paper is by the Bishop of Durham, who concerns himself with "wholeness" as a category which includes physical and psychological as well as spiritual fulfilment of human personality. This last paper, so clear and so well-argued, increases one's regret that elevation to the episcopacy has made it almost impossible for one of England's finest theological minds to continue to produce the sort of books which his earlier Oxford days made possible; we must be contented with short studies like this one, every paragraph of which could be expanded into a chapter in a book.

HASTINGS, ADRIAN. *Mission and Ministry.* 214pp. Sheed and Ward. Paperback, £1.65.

Father Hastings worked for many years as a Roman Catholic missionary in Uganda and has travelled widely in Africa. This is a study of the missionary work on that continent, but it has wider application. The author is deeply concerned to stress the theological necessity for Christian "participation in the contemporary struggle for social, political, and economic justice"; he is also convinced that the Christian Church must radically restructure its ministry "at a time when the accustomed pattern is crumbling upon every side". One aspect of the latter, he urges, is the abandonment by the Roman Church of clerical celibacy and a complete revision of theological training. While Father Hastings directs his attention specifically to the African scene (including some fascinating studies of Roman Catholic missionary work in Uganda, Tanzania, and elsewhere), what he says is intended to have a much more extended reference. The point, he urges, is very simple yet enormously difficult: is the Christian enterprise "genuinely universal" or is it so linked with our European culture that it cannot speak to men everywhere? This book deals faithfully with this question; what is said by way of practical suggestion is the logical consequence of the author's conviction that Christian faith *is* universal, culturally adaptable, and a living dynamic movement in history.

Paperbacks

Archaeology and Ancient History

Samuel Noah Kramer: *The Sumerians.* (University of Chicago Press. £1.35) J. D. S. Pendlebury: *The Archaeology of Crete* (University Paperbacks. £1.50)

Business and Economics

Heinz M. Goldmann: *How to Win Customers.* (Pan. 45p) Frank H. Knight: *Risk, Uncertainty and Profit.* (University of Chicago Press. £1.80) James J. Lynch: *A Manpower Development System.* (Pan. 40p) Herbert Stein: *The Fiscal Revolution in America.* (University of Chicago Press. £2)

Drama

Robert Lowell: *Phaedra: Racine's "Phèdre".* (Faber. 45p)

Fiction

Patrick Boyle: *All Looks Yellow to the Jaundiced Eye.* (Panther. 30p) Rupert Croft-Cooke: *Wolf from the Door.* (Mayflower. 30p) L. P. Hartley: *The Go-Between.* (Penguin. 30p) Colin MacInnes: *Westward to Laughter.* (Panther. 30p) Walter Macken: *The Coll Doll and other stories.* (Pan. 30p) Hugh Walpole: *Judith Paris. Rogue Herries.* (Pan. 30p each)

History

Peter Laven: *Renaissance Italy, 1464-1534.* (University Paperbacks. £1.25) Arthur Zilversmit: *The First Emancipation.* (University of Chicago Press. £1.25)

Literature and Criticism

John Dryden: *Of Dramatick Poesie.* Edited by James T. Boulton. (Oxford University Press. 55p) Lord Dunsany: *At the Edge of the World. The King of Elfland's Daughter.* (Ballantine. 40p each) Patrick F. Quinn: *The French Face of Edgar Poe.* (Southern Illinois University Press. £1.20) Ayn Rand: *The Romantic Manifesto.* (Signet. 45p) Barbara Herrnstein Smith: *Poetic Closure.* (University of Chicago Press. £1.60)

Philosophy

Peter Geach: *Mental Acts.* (Routledge, 60p) Richard Rorty (Editor): *The Linguistic Turn.* (University of Chicago Press. £2) Bertrand Russell: *An Outline of Philosophy.* (Unwin Books. 90p)

Poetry

The Byronic Byron: A Selection from the Poems of Lord Byron. Edited by Gilbert Phelps. (Longman. 75p) Dylan Thomas: *Collected Poems, 1934-1952.* (Aldine. 50p). *A Choice of Wordsworth's Verse.* Edited by R. S. Thomas. (Faber. 60p)

Politics

Hans J. Morgenthau: *Politics in the Twentieth Century.* (University of Chicago Press. £2.25) Dorothy Pickles: *Democracy.* (University Paperbacks. 90p)

Religion

William Barclay: *Ethics in a Permissive Society.* (Fontana. 30p) Paul M. Harrison: *Authority and Power in the Free Church Tradition.* (Southern Illinois University Press. £1.20)

Science

George Laycock: *The Alien Animals.* (Ballantine, 40p) John R. Platt (Editor): *New Views of the Nature of Man.* (University of Chicago Press. 90p) C. U. M. Smith: *Molecular Biology.* (Faber. £1.50) J. M. Tanner and Bärbel Inhelder (Editors): *Discussions on Child Development.* 4 vols. in 1. (Social Science Paperbacks. £2.50) William L. Thomas (Editor): *Man's Role in Changing the Face of the Earth.* (University of Chicago Press. Vol. 1, £2.15. Vol. 2, £2.75)

Social Studies

Peter F. Drucker: *The Age of Discontinuity.* (Pan. 60p) Harry M. Clor: *Obscenity and Public Morality.* (University of Chicago Press. £1.35) Frank Field and Patricia Haikin: *Black Britons.* (Oxford University Press. 40p) Harry Kalven Jr. and Hans Zeisel: *The American Jury.* (University of Chicago Press. £2.70) G. V. Osipov (Editor): *Industry and Labour in the U.S.S.R.* (Social Science Paperbacks. £1) Bryce W. Rucker: *The First Freedom.* (Southern Illinois University Press. £1.40) Mark Terry: *Teaching for Survival.* (Ballantine. 40p) Paul Weiss: *Sport: A Philosophic Inquiry.* (Southern Illinois University Press. £1.20)

Publishers and Distributors

Aldine (Dent); Ballantine (Pan); Fontana (Collins); Signet (New English Library); Social Science Paperbacks (Tavistock); Southern Illinois University Press (Feffer and Simons); University Paperbacks (Methuen); Unwin Books (Allen and Unwin).

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MANCHESTER BUSINESS SCHOOL
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Hilton Street
Manchester M1 2FE**

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Applicants should be Chartered Librarians but consideration will be given to those who are in the process of completing the Part II (Final) Examination of the Library Association. For post (a) preference will be given to applicants who have had experience in a well-organised Reference Library. For post (b) preference will be given to those who have passed in paper ... List B; paper ... List C and/or to those who possess the relevant experience and training in work with children and young people.

The salary for both posts is at present within the A.P. Grade II (£1,272 to £1,515 per annum). This post is subject to the N.J.C. conditions of service and to medical examination. A five-day week is in operation and a local job evaluation procedure has been established. There are generous removal/lodging/disturbance allowances in approved cases.

Copies of the form of application together with the appropriate post specification, evaluation and further particulars, may be obtained from the undersigned, to whom applications should be returned not later than 14 days from the appearance of this advertisement. Candidates should indicate clearly for which post they are applying.

K. LLOYD PLUMRIDGE, A.L.A., Borough Librarian & Curator, Central Library, King George Street, YEOVIL, Somerset. 5th May, 1971.

UNIVERSITY OF MALAYA

[illegible]

UNIVERSITY OF EXETER

[illegible]

RHODES UNIVERSITY

[illegible]

LONDON BOROUGH OF SUTTON

**Education Department
Libraries Division**

(A) Senior Assistant Librarian

Grade: Special (Librarians). Salary Scale: £1,128-£1,866 per annum inclusive of London Weighting.

(B) Assistant Cataloguer

Grade: A.P. 1/2. Salary Scale: £1,128-£1,605 per annum inclusive of London Weighting.

Applicants for either post must hold at least Part I of the Library Association Examination and in the case of post (B) ability to use a typewriter would be an advantage. Point of entry to the Grade in each case will be dependent upon qualifications and experience.

Post (A) is interchangeable with others of similar grading, but the successful applicant will be allocated initially to assist the Branch Librarian in preparatory work for the new Roundshaw Library, Wallington, due to be opened within the next few months.

Details and application forms (returnable within 14 days of the first appearance of this advertisement) obtainable from Roy Smith, F.L.A., Borough Librarian, Central Library, Manor Park Road, Sutton, Surrey.

T. M. H. Scott,
Principal Chief Officer.

DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION AND SCIENCE

Applications are invited for a post as

Professional Assistant

to the Department's three Library Advisers

The duties will consist of helping the Library Advisers in their inspections of public library services and with their other general duties in connection with public and other libraries. This post offers a valuable opportunity to a young librarian who will be given every encouragement to broaden his experience, to use his initiative, and to contribute to work which could have an important influence on the development of library services in this country.

The person appointed will be based in London, but a considerable amount of travelling is likely to be involved.

Appropriate general experience of work in a public library is required. A librarian is sought who is at present employed by a public library authority which is willing to second him to the service of the Department for a period of two years. He should be employed on the local Government AP 3 or 4 salary scales and he would continue to receive his present salary, or any higher scale to which he may be promoted by his authority in his absence, plus London allowance if this is not already paid.

Applicants should be Chartered Librarians or graduates with all the qualifications needed for election as Chartered Librarians.

Further details and application forms may be obtained from Miss B. C. Taylor, Department of Education and Science, Curzon Street, London, W.1. (Tel: 01-493 7070, Extension 311).

The closing date for the receipt of applications is 31 May.

COUNTY COUNCIL OF ROSS AND CROMARTY EDUCATION COMMITTEE COUNTY LIBRARY

Applications are invited for the post of DISTRICT LIBRARIAN: EASTER ROSS based at Invergordon Branch Library.

Salary scale: Chartered Librarian: £1,418-£1,776. Part-qualified Librarian: Trainee Grade to £1,317. Further details and application forms may be had from the County Librarian, County Library, The Old Academy, Tulloch Street, Dingwall, to whom the completed forms should be sent by ... May, 1971.

J. M. DUNLOP, County Clerk.

LIBRARIAN

(qualified)

required for technical library of consulting civil engineers. To be solely responsible for information work, book ordering, cataloguing, journal circulation, etc. This is an independent and responsible position requiring a capable and enthusiastic person with a flair for organisation. Experience desirable.

Pleasant new offices and attractive working conditions. Salary dependent on age, qualifications and experience.

G. Maunsell & Partners, ... Croydon Road, Penge, London, S.E.20. Tel: 01-778 6060

UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE

[illegible]

Other Vacant Appointments

ISLINGTON LIBRARIES

[illegible]

INTERNATIONAL AFRICAN INSTITUTE

[illegible]

UNIVERSITY OF BIRMINGHAM

[illegible]

Education Committee of the

COUNTY OF STIRLING

Board of Management of Falkirk Technical College

TUTOR LIBRARIAN

Applications are invited for the above post.

Applicants should preferably hold a university degree or equivalent qualification in Arts, Science or Engineering together with a recognised Chartered Librarians qualification. Applicants with a university degree in librarianship ... be considered.

Salary will be on a scale equivalent to Scale 6 of The Scottish Teachers' Salaries Memorandum 1971 with a maximum of £2,388 per annum. Placing will be given according to qualifications and experience.

This post offers opportunity and challenge.

Falkirk Technical College is a major college in ... buildings with departments of:— Building Trades, Chemistry, Commerce and Business Studies, Electrical Engineering, Foundry Trades, General Studies, Mathematics, Mechanical and Production Engineering and Mining. There are currently over 5,000 students. An extensive building programme is due to start at an early date on completion of which the present library will move to a new part of the college. The Tutor Librarian appointed will have the opportunity of participation in the detailed planning and commissioning of the new library.

The Tutor Librarian is directly responsible to the Principal for the effective organisation of the College Library Service and for implementing the policy of providing library materials for students in a wide variety of courses.

Application forms may be obtained from Dr. W. W. ..., Principal, Falkirk Technical College, Grangemouth Road, Falkirk. Completed forms are to be returned to the Principal at the above address not later than Monday 31st May 1971.

Education Offices,
Spittal Street, Stirling.

James S. ...,
Director of Education.

DOWN COUNTY COUNCIL

LIBRARY SERVICE

Applications are invited from suitably qualified and experienced Librarians for the following posts :—

(a) **CHILDREN'S LIBRARIAN** (new post) based at County Headquarters, Ballynahinch, AP III-IV (£1,515-£2,025).

(b) **ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN**, based at County Headquarters, Ballynahinch. Librarian's Scale (£1,038-£1,776).

(c) **BRANCH LIBRARIAN** (new post) based at Warrenpoint, Librarian's Scale (£1,038-£1,776).

Post (a). The person appointed to this new and challenging post will be responsible for developing the county children's services.

Post (b). The person appointed will be responsible for the local collection and will have the opportunity to gain varied experience as a member of the headquarters team.

Post (c). The person appointed will be responsible for developing the service in a new building shortly to be opened (3,800 sq. ft.)

Application form and conditions of service are obtainable from the undersigned, by whom completed applications must be received not later than 5 p.m. on FRIDAY, 4th JUNE, 1971.

Canvassing direct or indirect, will disqualify.

Courthouse, Downpatrick,
Co. Down, N. Ireland.

J. C. PARTRIDGE, Secretary.

WEST RIDING COUNTY LIBRARY
WAKEFIELD HOSPITALS MANAGEMENT COMMITTEE
POST-GRADUATE MEDICAL CENTRE WAKEFIELD

LIBRARIAN

required to

ORGANISE SERVICES

Salary according to experience within AP IV/V (£1,776-£2,288 per annum). Applicants must be Chartered Librarians with suitable experience.

For further details apply:
County Librarian
County Library Headquarters
Balne Lane, Wakefield

NATIONAL COAL BOARD

Applications are invited ... Chartered Librarians for the ... of

CHIEF CATALOGUER

To be responsible for the ... loguing, classification ... and information work of ... Boards' Headquarters ... Experience in special ... desirable, along with ... in modern methods of ... retrieval and the dissemination of information.

The conditions of service ... attractive and the salary ... within a scale rising to ... per annum.

Please apply in writing ... Headquarters Staff ... (X6877) Hobart House ...

LANCASHIRE
ROYAL INSTITUTE OF INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS

[illegible]

Personal

[illegible]

VACANT APPOINTMENTS AND PUBLIC NOTICES &c

Librarians

ANTRIM COUNTY LIBRARY

[illegible]

LONDON BOROUGH OF BARNET

[illegible]

LONDON BOROUGH OF BARNET

[illegible]

BEXLEY HOSPITAL

[illegible]

BIRKBECK COLLEGE

[illegible]

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE COUNTY COUNCIL

[illegible]

EXETER

City and County of the City of Exeter, City Library

[illegible]

CAMBRIDGESHIRE AND ISLE OF ELY EDUCATION COMMITTEE

[illegible]

KENT COUNTY COUNCIL

[illegible]

UNIVERSITY OF LANCASTER LIBRARY

[illegible]

LAMBETH PALACE LIBRARY

[illegible]

THE MANCHESTER PUBLIC LIBRARIES

[illegible]

LONDON BOROUGH OF MERTON

[illegible]

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE EDUCATION COMMITTEE

[illegible]

PERTH AND KINROSS JOINT COUNTY COUNCIL

[illegible]

NEWBURN URBAN DISTRICT COUNCIL

APPOINTMENT OF CHILDREN'S LIBRARIAN

Salary A.P. 1/2, £1,048-£1,515 ... are invited from ... candidates for the above ...

The successful applicant will be required to take charge of the Junior ... Central Library and ... for the selection, ... display of stock and ... Schools.

... giving age, qualifications ... together with the names ... should be sent to the ... later than 31st May, ...

Canvassing will disqualify.

... Clerk of the Council, ... Newburn, Newcastle ...

NORTH RIDING COUNTY COUNCIL

COUNTY LIBRARY
ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN WHITBY

[illegible]

... WOTHERSPOON, Clerk of the County Council.

PONTYPRIDD URBAN DISTRICT COUNCIL

APPOINTMENT OF BRANCH LIBRARIAN
RHYDYFELIN BRANCH LIBRARY

Applications are invited from persons who have passed the Part I Examination of the Library Association for the POST OF BRANCH LIBRARIAN, Rhydyfelin ... Pontypridd. Salary A.P. ... per annum to £1,515 per ... of entry in accordance ... and present salary. ... subject to ... examination.

[illegible]

CITY OF PORTSMOUTH

[illegible]

THE UNIVERSITY OF SHEFFIELD

[illegible]

COUNTY BOROUGH OF SOLIHULL

[illegible]

STAFFORDSHIRE COUNTY COUNCIL EDUCATION COMMITTEE

[illegible]

COUNTY BOROUGH OF WALSALL

[illegible]

WEST SUSSEX COUNTY LIBRARY

[illegible]

HON. SOCIETY OF INNER TEMPLE LIBRARY

[illegible]

LANCASHIRE EDUCATION COMMITTEE
HORWICH COLLEGE OF FURTHER EDUCATION

Appointment of

TUTOR LIBRARIAN

A TUTOR LIBRARIAN is required for 1st September, 1971. Applicants should be Chartered Librarians and should preferably have some teaching experience in further education. The person appointed will be directly responsible to the Principal for the Library Service in the College and will make a teaching contribution probably in the field of General Studies.

Salary in accordance with the Burnham (F.E.) Scale for Lecturer Grade I—£1,330-£2,200 p.a. according to qualifications and experience, with additions for teacher training.

Further information and application forms from:

The Principal,
Horwich College of Further Education,
Victoria Road,
Bolton, BL6 6ED,

to whom they should be returned as soon as possible.

HON. SOCIETY OF MIDDLE TEMPLE LIBRARY

TRAINEE LIBRARIAN

Trainee grade, £942 to £1,515

APPLICATIONS are invited for this new POST which has been created to assist the further development of the cataloguing and reader services of this ...

[illegible]

IMPERIAL COLLEGE

LIBRARIAN
DEPARTMENT OF CHEMICAL ENGINEERING AND CHEMICAL TECHNOLOGY

[illegible]

ROYAL STATISTICAL SOCIETY

[illegible]

Public and University Appointments

UNIVERSITY OF BIRMINGHAM

DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH

[illegible]

QUEEN MARY COLLEGE

(University of London)
DEPARTMENT OF FRENCH

[illegible]

PUBLIC NOTICE

BEDFORDSHIRE EDUCATION COMMITTEE

[illegible]

Librarians in Government Departments

There are vacancies in the following Government departments for candidates with professional qualifications and some practical experience. Those expecting to obtain professional qualifications by September, 1971, will be considered.

Civil Service Department, Civil Service College, Sunningdale Park, Ascot, Berks.

Ministry of Defence, Royal Air Force College, Bracknell, Berks.

Department of Education and Science, London, W.1.

Department of the Environment, London, S.E.1.

Foreign and Commonwealth Office (London)
One post in the Main Library, S.W.1.
One post in Overseas Development Administration, Tropical Products Institute, W.C.1

Home Office, London, S.W.1.

Department of Trade and Industry, London, S.W.1.

SALARY (inner London): £1,184 to £2,010 (under review). Somewhat lower for posts outside London. Starting salary may be above minimum. Non-contributory pension. Good promotion prospects. No evening or weekend duty in most of the posts.

For full details and an application form (to be returned by 10 June, 1971), write to Civil Service Commission, Alencon Link, Basingstoke, Hants, quoting G/624(D)/2.

SENIOR LIBRARIAN

for Medical and Scientific Libraries

NOTTINGHAM

The Libraries, with a staff of 12, provide a literature service for the scientific departments and commercial and administrative management of the Company.

Candidates must be Chartered Librarians and have practical experience, desirably in a medical or scientific library or information service. The person appointed will work closely with the Chief Librarian who is due to retire within 2 years and will understudy her in the daily running of the library service.

Salary will be negotiable according to qualifications and experience. Employment conditions include profit sharing and contributory pension scheme.

Please apply in writing giving full details of age, education and experience to :—

**Miss D. W. Drury,
Employment Officer,
Boots Pure Drug Co. Ltd.
Station Street,
Nottingham, NG2 3AA.**

Boots

Assistant Librarian/ Information Officer

We require a Chartered Librarian or Graduate for this post in the Group Library and Information Section at St. Albans.

The work will include responsibility for daily library routines, dealing with enquiries, indexing and preparing bulletins.

Experience of library and information work in a commercial environment is desirable, though not essential. Willingness to accept responsibility is important.

Salary will be commensurate with age, qualifications and experience.

Application forms may be obtained from:—

**Group Research Manager,
United Glass Limited,
Porters Wood,
St. Albans,
Herts.
Tel: St. Albans 59261.**

UG **Innovators in packaging**

LIBRARIAN

FOR ETHIOPIA

[illegible]

MOUNT ALLISON UNIVERSITY

**Sackville, N.B.
Canada**

Applications are invited for a position in the Department of ...

[illegible]